

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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LADY NOEL BYRON.

LINES WRITTEN IN 1832.

[Now that the most contradictory qualities are simultaneously ascribed to Lady Noel Byron—that she was mad, and invented false and wicked accusations in her madness, and that she was so coldly rational that her poetic husband could not live with her; that her disordered mind brooded over her wrongs till she believed in her own delusions, and that she had no wrongs, and was of a most calm, calculating, severe disposition; that she was garrulous, and addicted to mysterious reticence—it may be interesting to read the impression produced by her character on one who was intimate with her for many years. The lines are given as written down at the time.]

AND as she spoke, it seemed as though I stood
Upon the summit of some holy hill,
In the calm brightness of an autumn eve,
"Serene and cloudless, glowing, yet still clear;"
While at its base, life, seen as from a height
Joyous and sad, lone hut and busy crowds,
And devious streams that tend one knows not
where,

Till far away the great sea makes all plain
Bounding the whole, lay spread before our view.
And all alike, both near and far was thus
"Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen"
In the still radiance of the light she sheds;
For she has reached that higher truth which
shows

What here seems intricate and dark and dim,
Which reconciles the lesser truths which oft
Half seen below, appear to jar and strive.
That even balance of her mind was wrought
Not idly deeming man more wise than God,
Striving the nature given us to improve
By pruning and by lopping it away,
But by so using all His many gifts
Proportionate, that heaven-born trinity,
Imagination, feeling, reason, all
For which He here made her responsible,
That none were stunted, or did dwarf the rest,
But ripened into one harmonious whole.
And she has kept her heart bright, that her God
Might therein look, and be reflected straight;
And thus 'twas light, pure from the heaven
above,

Which so interpreted the earth for us.

Good Words.

WEARINESS.

BY FRANCIS FREELING BRODERIP.

"TURN again to sleep, love,
Turn again to sleep,
Time enough when daylight comes,
To weary and to weep."

"Sleep comes not to me, dear,
Woo her as I will,
I have watched too long a time
Now, for slumber still."

* Lady Byron had quoted this line and another from her husband's poetry in the course of the day.

"Turn thee back to rest, love,
Turn thee back to rest,
Let dim night with brooding wings,
Hush thee on her breast!"

"When the body rests, dear,
Then the soul set free,
Travels on its weary way,
And rest is not for me!"

"Close those aching eyes, love,
Seal them fast and deep,
They have wept and watched so long,
Teach them now to sleep!"

"Who can shut the spirit's eyes?
Earthly lids may close,
But no poppy ever grew,
To bring the mind repose!"

"But I soon shall know, dear,
Slumber calm, so deep,
That nor love, nor joy, nor grief,
Can break that dreamless sleep!"

"Tear-worn eyes shall close in smiles,
Weary hands be pressed
O'er a heart that sighs no more,
In the Home of Rest!"

Argosy.

TWILIGHT.

LIKE a wearied gentle spirit,
That slowly glides away,
In peace and calm contentment,
So fades the dying day;

And as the shades of evening
Are deepening all around,
He leaves his farewell kisses
Upon the dewy ground.

Far sweeter than the midnight,
Though that is sweet to me,
When the deep-souled thoughts are surging
Like the billows of the sea;

Far fairer than the noonday,
Though that be fair and bright,
Is the sweet mysterious marriage
Between the day and night.

THE death is announced of the Rev. William Harness, M.A., Vicar of All Saints', Princesgate, while on a visit to the Dean of Battle. Mr. Harness was in his 82nd year, having graduated at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1812. As a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, as a contemporary and acquaintance of Byron, and as a pamphleteer (known best, perhaps, by the *nom de plume* of "Presbyter Anglicanus"), he took a prominent position in the literary world.

From The Gentleman's Magazine,
ALABAMAS OF THE FUTURE.

No feature of our foreign policy possesses at the present time anything like the interest and importance which attach to the "*Alabama* claims," and there is little likelihood that the name of this ship will be forgotten by future generations, either in England or America, even if it does not become associated with anything more serious than the efforts of the diplomatists of the two countries. We do not in this article propose to say much of her exploits — are they not written in the book of Captain Semmes? — but to draw attention to some of the lessons in naval policy so forcibly taught by her career, and to describe the attempts made by the Americans and ourselves to profit by the experience thus gained. Looked at from this point of view, her history is soon told. A ship of very moderate dimensions (900 tons burden), of far from high speed under steam — said by Captain Semmes not to exceed ten knots per hour — and with a light armament, but fully rigged and speedy under sail, did much in the course of two years towards destroying the mercantile marine which at the outbreak of the war stood next to our own in the carrying trade of the world. It is true that in performing these services the *Alabama* had the help of one or two similar cruisers, but to her fell the lion's share both of the service and the fame. The *Sumter* led the way, and did good service, but she was not at all to be compared to the *Alabama*; and the names of the *Florida* and *Shenandoah* have almost faded out of the public memory, while the mere mention of the *Alabama's* name brings back to all our minds the vivid recollection of the time when every paragraph of news respecting her doings was eagerly devoured, and when the latest information respecting her whereabouts was looked for almost with as much interest as news from the mighty armies then face to face. In America, as we can well understand, even a deeper interest was taken in her doings, both by the Federals and the Confederates, the one regarding her as a pirate preying upon their unprotected merchant ships, the other as a gallant upholder of the Confederate power. We have no

means of judging how great the amount of damage actually done by the *Alabama* may have been; but, while Mr. Sumner's late estimate is probably a *little* too high, there can be no doubt that the actual loss of property to the citizens of the Northern States, added to the loss consequent on the terrible check thus put upon the development of their mercantile marine, really constituted a most important item in the balance of the national accounts rendered necessary by the civil war.

There were, of course, certain conditions essential to the complete success of a cruiser like the *Alabama*; and we can readily discern what those conditions are, now that the events of the civil war have become matters of history. In the halcyon days when the *Alabama* was rapidly adding prize to prize, and Captain Semmes was increasing his collection of chronometers — which he naively admits it was one of his amusements "to wind and compare daily" — the Federal flag was almost entirely absent from foreign stations, nearly every available ship being used for the maintenance of the blockade, so that the *Alabama* in the course of her cruises only had to fight twice with war ships. The first of these actions was that with the gunboat *Hatteras*, which was sunk, and the second that with the *Kearsarge*, in which the *Alabama* met the same fate. In nearly every sea she sailed her course was unopposed, and the record of her doings presents scarcely any other features than those connected with the capture of unarmed merchant ships. The Federals were fully conscious of the only means that would suffice to put a period to her havoc-spreading career, and as soon as ever they had provided for the still more pressing exigencies of the blockade, proceeded to construct the *Kearsarge* and her consorts specially for the purpose of destroying the *Alabama*. The spectacle must, however, have been most irritating to the citizens of a powerful republic, when they had for the time to bear unresistingly the injuries done to their commerce by such an intrinsically despicable adversary; injuries which, by their frequent repetition, threatened a serious drain of vital vigour, although, like the gnat's bite, individually of little moment.

The strenuous efforts required and made at this time to provide an efficient blockading force are, perhaps, appreciated by only a few of our readers. When the war broke out, the navy of the United States consisted of 42 ships in commission, 26 of these only being screw vessels of war. With this force available, the Secretary of the Navy was called upon to form the blockade of a coast-line exceeding 3000 miles in length, and abounding with inlets, ports, and inner coast-lines, while in the neighbourhood were hovering crowds of adventurous blockade runners, ready to take the risk of capture for the sake of the chance of getting safely through with their precious cargoes. Both sides fully recognized the important effect which the blockade must have if it could be completed, and in one of his Reports the Secretary of the Federal Navy thus describes the action he took under these circumstances:—"It was necessary, first of all, to make available every naval vessel, to recall our foreign squadron, to increase our force by building new vessels, and by procuring for naval purposes from the merchant service every steamer which could be made a fighting vessel, to enlarge at once the capacity of the navy yards, to put into requisition the foundries and the workshops of the country for supplies of ordnance and steam machinery, to augment the number of the seamen, and to supply the deficiency of officers by selecting experienced and able ship-masters and others from the mercantile marine." By efforts such as these the number of ships in commission was doubled within four months of the commencement of hostilities, and in nine months had risen from 42 to 264. A year after the number stood at 427, and at the end of the year 1864—about three years and three-quarters from the outbreak of the war—it had reached 671. These are noteworthy facts, and they show most conclusively that nothing but sheer inability to do more prevented the earlier construction of ships of the *Kearsarge* class. We all know how the end came at last, and how the efforts of the Federals were rewarded. Gradually, but surely, the grasp of their blockading squadrons tightened round the Confederate

coast; port after port was closed to the blockade-runners; and unable themselves to produce the munitions of war or the matériel required for the continuance of the struggle, the Confederates had to yield. Had they become possessed of any armoured war ships which could have broken the blockade, the result might have been different, or at least the end would not have come so soon.

But while the Federal war-fleet, numerous as it soon became, was fully occupied in keeping watch and ward along the Southern coast, the *Sumter* and other cruisers at first, and afterwards the *Alabama*, were roving far and wide, and bringing home most unpleasantly to the minds of Northern ship-owners the fact, that while the Confederates had no navy that could meet their own, they had ships afloat which could overhaul, capture and ransom or destroy any merchantman. In the instructions which Captain Semmes received before sailing in the *Sumter* he was ordered "to do the enemy's commerce the greatest injury in the shortest time;" and certainly all the cruisers equipped by the Confederates acted up to the letter of these instructions. The policy adopted by the Southern States was not at all a new one, it was only a repetition of that which, under the name of "privateering," had become famous in the olden times, when steamships were not. Captain Semmes energetically repudiates the idea that the *Sumter* and the *Alabama* were privateers, basing his objection to that title on the fact that they were regularly commissioned by the Confederate Government. The Northerners gave them a worse name, and, even in official documents, termed them *pirates*. Whether pirates or not, however, they did the work of privateers; and in nearly all cases sought to avoid ships of war. Neither Englishmen nor Americans required to be taught that in fighting an enemy who is possessed of a large merchant navy, one of the surest means of inflicting damage is the striking a heavy blow at its commerce. As far back almost as our naval history extends this principle has been acted upon, and perhaps no better illustration of the effect of this mode of making war can be given than that afforded by the reign of Elizabeth,

when English privateers swept the Spanish merchant ships, partially armed though they were, from the seas.

What then, it may be asked, was it which gave such fame to the *Alabama* and her consorts? The answer appears to be simple and twofold. First, there were the peculiar circumstances of the struggle, in which these cruisers stood alone as the representatives of the Confederate naval power at sea. Secondly, to quote from Captain Semmes' preface:—"The *Alabama* was the first steam-ship in the history of the world—the defective little *Sumter* excepted—that was let loose against the commerce of a great commercial people. The destruction which she caused was enormous. She not only alarmed the enemy, but she alarmed all the other nations of the earth which had commerce afloat, as they could not be sure that a similar scourge, at some future time, might not be let loose against themselves. The *Alabama*, in consequence, became famous. It was the fame of steam." To understand the full force of this observation, it must be remembered that, although steamships are now very extensively employed in the mercantile marine, yet the great majority of merchant ships—in fact, nearly all those employed in the carrying trade to distant countries—are still equipped as sailing ships, some of them having, it is true, auxiliary steam power, that enables them to proceed at low speed through the region of the calms, or to make some headway should progress under sail in the course desired become impossible. Against other sailing vessels, equipped as privateers, these merchantmen formerly had some chance, as their superior fleetness might save them; but against a steam privateer, even of moderate speed only, like the *Alabama*, they have no chance whatever. Perhaps it was this fact more than any other that gave rise to the belief, formerly so wide-spread, in the great speed of the *Alabama*, since she was usually engaged in overhauling sailing ships. As we have said, Captain Semmes puts her full speed down at ten knots; and it is well known that most of our iron-clads have considerably higher speeds; while the Atlantic mail steamers occasionally make passages across at an average speed of thirteen or fourteen knots. The *Alabama's*

career would probably have been cut short much sooner had she been a cruiser engaged in destroying British commerce, for our war ships on foreign stations were constantly crossing her path; and, being so much superior in fighting power, while they possessed equal or greater speed, would, without doubt, have either captured or sunk her. The success she achieved, however, points clearly to the advantage which this country would possess in war time in having such a numerous fleet of swift ocean-going mail steamers: since, by supplying them with one or two heavy guns, they might be turned into commerce-destroying cruisers, quite as useful as, if not more efficient than, the *Alabama*, their very high speed and great coal supply enabling them to steam away from all, or nearly all, ships of war belonging to other countries. America and France could, it is true, do something in the same direction; but their resources are only limited when compared with our own.

Naval men, both in this country and America, not only became impressed with the advantages that would result from the employment of this irregular force of steam privateers; but also began to advocate the introduction into the war navies of a class of swift, unarmoured cruisers—*Alabamas* of the future—which should have a good, though not a very heavy armament; should be able to fight any other unarmoured ship, and should be faster than the fastest mail steamers, so that they could "show heels" to any iron-clad, and overhaul any merchant ship, whether equipped as a privateer or not. It was in America that this idea first took a tangible form; and, as soon as the completion of the blockade permitted, a class of ship was designed, and several vessels were pushed on with all possible rapidity, in order to fulfil the requirements which the naval authorities considered essential in these swift cruisers. No secret was made of the employment proposed for them. In case of a war with England, they were to "wipe out our mercantile marine;" or, to quote from another description, they were "to have out-*Alabamaed* the *Alabama* in chasing, capturing, and destroying British shipping." No words of ours, can, however, so properly convey an idea of the real sentiments of Americans respecting this, the

so-called *Wampanoag* class, as those written by an American; and on this account we have extracted the following passage from Dr. Boynton's "History of the Navy during the Rebellion," a work, be it observed, of which its author states that "the whole material for this work has been drawn from documents in possession of the Navy Department;" so that it may be regarded as semi-official. Speaking of these cruisers, he says:—"It was evident that in case of a war with France or England, or both, though we might with our iron-clads defend our coast from the combined attack, yet if we had no powerful ocean cruisers with which to destroy their commerce, or threaten them at home, that our coast might be virtually blockaded by their fleets and our commerce destroyed; while their own merchant ships would be safely employed on every sea. . . . The enterprise and energy which characterized the (Navy) Department during the whole war enabled it to provide for these new dangers, while sorely pressed by the difficulties and burdens of the rebellion. It decided to lay down an entirely new class of ships, of which the *Wampanoag* may be regarded as the type. It was not intended that these vessels should be overloaded with a battery. Their armament consists of a few heavy guns. They are full ship-rigged; their capacity for carrying coal is great in proportion to their size; and under either sail or steam they were expected to make at least fifteen knots per hour. . . . The peculiarities of these ships are obvious; their spread of canvas is enormous, and this, with their great length and comparative narrowness of beam, gives them the utmost speed attainable by vessels under sail. At the same time, instead of the weight of a full battery, they carry the most powerful engines that even their immense hulls can bear; and have, therefore, the maximum speed which any ocean steamer has yet attained. Their few heavy guns, and the rapidity of their movements, enable them to cope with any wooden ship if they choose to risk a battle; and they are fleet enough to avoid a conflict when they do not desire to fight. In case of a war with England, it is quite easy to see what the proper work of such cruisers would be. It would not be to fight the British Navy, for we have other ships better fitted for that work. It would not be their province to defend our coast and sea-board cities, for that can be done effectually by our iron-clads. But let one of these enormous searacers take in a full supply of coal, and then, using her engines only when absolutely necessary, cross the ocean under sail,

and place herself on one of the highways of British commerce, prepared there to use steam or sails as might best suit her purpose, who can measure the havoc she would make? Suppose thirty such were scattered over the seas, how long would the merchant marine of England remain afloat? Such are the formidable weapons which Great Britain, by her unfriendly and deceitful course, has prepared against herself whenever the occasion comes. Compared with what these new American steamers are able to do, her *Alabamas*, and *Floridas*, and *Shenandoahs* are very harmless ships; and in a war with America now any foreign nation would meet such powers for destruction as Europe has never encountered."

Happily for Europe, and for this country in particular, the glowing anticipations here expressed have scarcely been realized in the ships of this class which have been completed and tried. This we shall proceed to show hereafter; but would remark before doing so that the general policy laid down in the foregoing extract—*minus* the "tall talk" with which Dr. Boynton has seen fit to embellish his outline of it—is undoubtedly a good one, and that there is no *prima facie* reason why it should not have been realized in most of its particulars. We have already drawn attention to the high speed and moderate armament which unarmoured cruisers should possess; these features the Americans intended to have obtained. The other points on which Dr. Boynton lays great stress,—the necessity for a large coal supply and good sail power,—are also of primary importance in this class of ship, and especially in cruisers belonging to a country which, unlike England, does not possess coaling stations in all parts of the world. When a steam ship is also efficient under sail alone, she can obviously economize her coal very greatly by performing the greater part of her ordinary services under sail, and reserving her steam-power for pressing occasions. We have an excellent illustration of this in the *Alabama* herself, of which Captain Semmes observes, "she was a perfect steamer and a perfect sailing ship at the same time, neither of her two modes of locomotion being at all dependent upon the other." This fact enabled her to perform nearly all her cruising services under sail alone, and to economize fuel to such an extent as to make what would have been an eighteen days' supply for continuous steaming last for more than three months. In short, it is obvious that unarmoured cruisers should never be without sufficient coal on board to enable them to avoid a war ship which they cannot fight;

and to ensure this, as well as to enable them to proceed on distant and cruising services without renewing the coal supply, good sail power and large coal-carrying power must be conjoined. As they were burdened neither with heavy weights of armour nor large armaments, there was no reason why the intentions of the designers of the American ships should not have been realized in these respects; but we shall see that they have not.

Keeping in mind the foregoing statements, and especially the opinions expressed by Dr. Boynton, let us now turn to a brief examination of what has been actually accomplished in America and in this country towards the creation of a fleet of unarmoured cruisers. As we have said, the Americans led the way, and we shall therefore give their ships the precedence. At present, from the best accounts in our possession, it appears that there are from ten to fifteen of these cruisers belonging to the United States navy, several of these being in commission, and others having been tried at sea. Their tonnages range from about 3000 to 3700 tons—that is, from three to four times the *Alabama's* burden—and their lengths from about 310 to 335 feet. In external form and proportions they resemble mail steamships rather than other classes of war ships, every precaution having been taken to provide the fine shape adapted to high speeds. The other essential provision for high speed under steam—great engine power—has also been made; in fact, it appears that in this respect Dr. Boynton's description falls below the truth, since instead of having "the most powerful engines that even their immense hulls can bear," they have engines so powerful as to seriously strain and shake those hulls, for we have it stated by reliable authorities that after a cruise under steam seams have to be caulked, and other repairs effected, in order to restore the ships to efficiency. But even with these, in one sense, *too* powerful engines, the high estimated speeds cannot be attained by most of the ships, the *Wampanoag* being the only vessel that appears to have exceeded thirteen knots at sea. This vessel has achieved the highest speed of any steam war ship on record, having, according to official American reports, under sail and steam proceeded for twenty-four hours at a speed but little below seventeen knots. What her speed would have been under steam only, we have no means of judging; but there can be little doubt that it would have reached fifteen knots. In this respect, however, she stands alone, and we shall see that her superiority to her consorts has

been dearly purchased. The *Madawaska*, sister ship to the *Wampanoag*, made only twelve and three-quarters knots on trial; the *Guerrière*, another of the class, has been beaten by mail steamers in the South Atlantic, her speed not exceeding twelve knots; and the *Idaho*, which, like the others, should have gone fifteen knots, has not realized ten knots. The last-named ship has proved such a failure, that, when last heard of, she was in use as a store and hospital ship. These facts—drawn, be it remembered, from American authorities, who are scarcely likely to have exaggerated the failure of a class of ship on which they had so set their hearts—show that in the prime feature of speed under steam, the *Wampanoag* class, as a whole, are failures; and that the "enormous sea-racers," as Dr. Boynton styles them, could be overtaken, not only by our finest wood frigates, like the *Orlando*, *Ariadne*, and *Galatea*, but also by most of our iron-clad ships. What their fate would be in either case, we need not attempt to describe. Dr. Boynton says they are not intended "to fight the British navy," and these facts show that they are not "fleet enough to avoid a conflict" with our ships; the conclusion is obvious that they cannot play the part for which they were designed.

The *Wampanoag* is, as we have said, an exception as respects speed, and a few additional remarks are required respecting this, the most successful vessel of her class. Everything in her design has been made to give way to the provision of space and weight for the propelling apparatus. Her hold is, to an unusually large extent, taken up with engines and boilers; the coal has, in consequence, to be carried on the lower deck instead of in the hold, thus inconveniencing the crew; the weight of the engines, &c., is so great, that the ship's carrying power has been seriously reduced, her coal supply, armament, &c., having suffered; and she has the unusual number of four funnels, nearly all other war ships having at most two. Perhaps these facts will be better understood if we give a few figures. The total weight of the ship and her lading is, in round numbers, 4400 tons; her hull weighs at least 2000 tons, and the remaining 2400 tons go into weight for engines, boilers, masts, rigging, guns, equipment, stores, and provisions. More than one-half of this weight (1250 tons) is put into propelling apparatus alone; and yet these heavy engines are not capable of developing greater power than engines by English makers—such as Penn or Maudslay—weighing at least 400 tons less, would

develope. From this it will be seen that about seventeen per cent. of the *Wampanoag's* total carrying power has been sacrificed to the adoption of the type of engines which the American Bureau of Steam Engineering have designed; and to this fact must be attributed her failure in nearly every other particular except that of steaming capability. Both American and English scientific journals have joined in this opinion, and the former assert that the weight of coal intended to be carried has been cut down, that the equipment has been reduced greatly, and the sail-power almost sacrificed, in order to carry these unnecessarily heavy engines.

Most of the other cruisers appear to be defective in their engine-power in proportion to the weight of the engines, but in them the sacrifices made are not so great as in the *Wampanoag*. Still, as their speeds under steam are so low, we should be warranted in condemning them on that account, even if they had not failed in other most important respects—notably in sail-power and coal-supply. These two features are, as we have seen, closely connected; but it must be added here, that the rate of consumption of the American engines is much higher than—perhaps nearly twice as great as—that of the most improved engines made in this country. Hence the 700 tons of coal which some of these ships are said to carry, would not last longer than, say, 500 tons would in the same ship if she had English engines. This is most important. With respect to the sailing capabilities of these ships, reports are far from satisfactory—at least, to Americans. Their spread of canvas is, in fact, far from “enormous;” their propellers do not lift, and cause a heavy drag when the ships are sailing; and so far are they from having “the utmost speed attainable by vessels under sail,” that some of them are stated by American journals to be incapable of tacking without the aid of steam. The *Army and Navy Journal*, for example, says of this class, “the vessels which of all others should be of the highest efficiency under canvas are the least efficient under sail of any ever built for the navy. They cannot even tack without the use of steam.” All these statements go to prove that in these respects, as well as in speed under steam, the cruisers have fallen far below what was intended, and that they could not keep the sea for any length of time. As respects their armaments, nothing very definite is stated in the published accounts, but the original intention of carrying a few 9-inch guns, seems to have been carried out. The

real cause of their failure is, we think, to be found in the inferiority of their engines; but it must be stated that if lighter and more powerful engines were put into them, their hulls would soon be shaken to pieces, unless constantly repaired, for they are lightly built of wood, and have already shown signs of weakness. They can never play their intended rôle, since they are not able to outstrip armoured ships, or to overhaul mail steamers; and while they would probably do some damage to our mercantile marine in case of war, their career would probably be shorter, and they would probably cause less havoc than the irregular fleet of steam privateers which we should be able to equip. Those of them at present in commission are employed as cruisers for the protection of the commercial marine of the United States, just as the unarmoured ships of our own navy are employed; and there is every reason to believe that although these ships were designed for very different and special services, they are little more efficient as war ships than many of our recent wood sloops, such as the *Danae* and *Blanche*. These facts are likely to prove satisfactory to English readers, who have from time to time heard of the progress made in America with these improved *Alabamas*, but may not have become acquainted with the results of their trials.*

Next, let us glance at our side of the picture, and see what has been done to compete with the Americans, remembering that at the time when the Admiralty began to move in this matter, it was known that a number of swift cruisers had been commenced in the States, and were being pressed on with all possible rapidity. At that time there seemed every prospect that these vessels would be successful; and we have shown that it was mainly in consequence of the defective engines that they did not succeed; so that there was then no reason whatever to anticipate their failure. Under the impulse of such considerations as these, involving as they did the future safety of our mercantile marine, the Admiralty ordered one ship, the *Inconstant*; and after a considerable interval, about two years ago, two smaller vessels, the *Volage* and *Active*, for the same service. In moving thus slowly the Admiralty were, of course, acting consistently to their tra-

* The views expressed above receive striking confirmation by the following extract from the *Times* of December 13: “It is stated that the Secretary of the (United States) Navy, in his forthcoming report, will recommend . . . the sale of all the old and worthless vessels of the Isherwood (*Wampanoag*) class, and the construction of some new and more serviceable ships.”

ditional policy. When screw line-of-battle ships were introduced, they waited till the French had begun the *Napoleon* before they ordered the *Agamemnon*; when iron-clads came into vogue, *La Gloire* was almost finished before the *Warrior* was commenced; and in this case the *Wampanoag* class were well advanced before the *Inconstant* was laid down. Consistency in such a policy has, however, little merit; and had it not been for the failure of the American cruisers, we might have occupied a vastly different position relatively to them than we now do. There is no doubt that when once we had fixed the type, the numbers of our swift cruisers could have been rapidly multiplied in the numerous ship-building yards of this country; but we might have had to pay a terrible price for such delay.

At present, as we have said, we possess three swift unarmoured cruisers, which, without flattery to our national pride, may be considered as fully capable of playing the part for which the American ships were designed. In the design of the first of these, the *Inconstant*, the Admiralty were undoubtedly influenced by the wish to produce a vessel which in every respect should equal, if not surpass, the best of the American cruisers. The largest of these ships was of more than 3700 tons burden; the *Inconstant* was made of more than 4000 tons. The American ship was to carry nine-inch guns; the *Inconstant* was supplied with a battery of the same calibre. The estimated speed of the *Wampanoag* class was fifteen knots, so was that of the *Inconstant*; but means were employed which rendered it probable that the latter would exceed that speed on the measured mile, and she has since done so. It was intended that the American cruisers should be efficient under sail; the *Inconstant* was supplied with sail-power equalling that of our latest wood frigates, which had earned the highest praise for their sailing performances. Measures were also taken to secure a large coal supply, and to embody all the other features on which both English and American authorities were agreed as essential to efficiency in this special class. But while there were these similarities, there were also many important differences in the designs of the *Inconstant* and the *Wampanoag*. Experience with our longest and swiftest wood frigates had shown us that a wooden hull could not sustain efficiently the great strains which the powerful engines intended to be put into the *Inconstant*, would cause; hence it was determined to construct the ship of iron. "But

iron ships rapidly become foul," says the reader, "and foulness means a great falling off in speed; surely this could not have been overlooked?" It has not been, and the freedom from fouling of a coppered ship has been combined with the strength of an iron ship, by covering the iron hull with wood planking, and then nailing on the copper sheathing outside the wood. This plan has been carried out also in our other two cruisers, the *Volage* and *Active*; so that all those ships can keep the sea for long periods without any decrease in speed being caused by foulness of bottom, and their hulls are not at all likely to be weakened and strained, as those of the American ships have been.

Another most important difference between the *Inconstant's* design and that of the *Wampanoag* is, that in our ship the screw propeller can be lifted out of the water when the ship is under sail; so that there is no hindrance whatever to her progress. The want of this feature in the American cruisers has been the subject of much fault-finding, and in them the drag caused by the propeller is increased considerably by the fine pitch of the screw, which stands almost directly across the ship's path, and with its four blades causes great loss of speed under sail. In our other two ships care has been taken also to avoid this fault.

A few words will suffice respecting the actual performances and qualities of our first cruiser, which has now been completed at Portsmouth, and tried on the measured mile and at sea. Her speed on the measured mile was a little over sixteen and a half knots—that is to say, was rather more than a knot and a half *above* her estimated speed. In this respect, therefore, she is all that can be desired. As to her sailing capability, it is not as yet possible to speak with great authority, as no sufficient accounts of her recent trials at sea have been published; but the "enormous" spread of canvas that she actually *has*, will doubtless give her—if not, as Dr. Boynton says, "the utmost speed attainable by vessels under sail"—yet a very high speed; and she easily outsailed all the iron-clads in the squadron during the Autumn cruise. Her resemblance in sail-power to ships that have succeeded so well, places her satisfactory performance under sail almost beyond doubt; and it is interesting to know that she proves very handy and steady as well as speedy. With respect to her armament, the only fear is that she is *too* powerful, for she has a battery of nine-inch twelve-ton guns, throwing as heavy a broadside as the iron-clad frigate *Bellerophon*, and would

blow any unarmoured ship belonging to our own or any other navy almost "out of the water." Her coal supply is, as it was intended to be, excellent, and, in proportion to her rate of consumption, is very large—in fact, quite out of proportion to that of her American rivals. In all these respects, therefore, she does not fall much short of the *beau idéal* of a swift cruiser. Speedy under sail or steam; capable of keeping the sea for a long period, and of economizing her fuel; able to overhaul nearly every vessel afloat; more than a match for any unarmoured ship; and "fleet enough to avoid a conflict" with any iron-clad, the *Inconstant* is a vessel which reflects credit upon her designers, and is a valuable addition to our navy.

Although not strictly connected with the subject with which we have been dealing, it may be interesting to call attention to the contrast between the *Inconstant* and the *Bellerophon*—the one a typical unarmoured ship, and the other a typical iron-clad—as a very good idea will thus be gained of the sacrifices that must be made in order to reach the extremely high speed of the cruiser. The *Inconstant* is more than thirty feet longer, yet six feet narrower, than the *Bellerophon*; so that alongside the trim, sharp cruiser, the iron-clad looks dumpy and unhandsome. Although so much shorter, the *Bellerophon* weighs altogether about one-third as much again as the *Inconstant*—a difference of nearly 2000 tons existing, of which more than one-half is put into protective armour. The two ships have engines of the same nominal power and have almost identical armaments; so that we may roughly say that 2000 tons of carrying-power is the price paid in order to pass from an iron-clad, protected with six-inch armour and steaming fourteen knots per hour, to an unarmoured ship steaming sixteen and a half knots per hour. In steam propulsion, truly, *c'est le dernier pas qui compte*.

A few remarks respecting our other two cruisers will suffice. Both are now nearly ready for sea, and are being completed at Portsmouth, where one of them, the *Volage*, has been recently tried on the measured mile, and attained a speed exceeding 15 knots per hour. They are much smaller than either the *Inconstant* or the *Wampanoag*, being only a little over 2300 tons burden—in fact are fast corvettes, carrying all their guns on the upper deck, instead of being frigates, like the *Inconstant*. In structural arrangements, fineness of form, high speed under steam, and great sail-power, they resemble the larger ship, the prime difference, irrespective of size, con-

sisting in the character of their armaments. It has already been stated that the armament of the *Inconstant* was regulated by that intended to have been carried by the American cruisers, and it is this fact alone which can justify such a heavy armament having been given to her, since she could scarcely hope to do more than "show her heels" to an armoured ship. The *Volage* and *Active* have been armed more with a view to their special service as rapid steam privateers than with the intention of fighting heavily-armed iron-clad ships. Hence they only carry 6 1-2-ton guns instead of 12-ton guns; but when we speak of their armament in this way, we only deal with it relatively to the heavier guns now carried on shipboard, for the 6 1-2-ton gun is much more powerful than the 68-pounder, which was our most powerful naval gun ten years ago, and which was then considered unnecessarily heavy for use on the broadside, since 32-pounders could smash in the side of a wood ship. It should be stated also that from what is known of the guns actually carried by the American cruisers, and the speeds at which they can proceed, it appears that our vessels, though smaller, could venture to engage their rivals; their superior speed enabling them to take up any position they might desire, say at long range, and to severely damage their less active foes. On the whole, then, it appears that their lighter armament is quite heavy enough for all the purposes these ships have to serve; and for privateering service, which after all is their special vocation, their armament is more powerful than it need be, while that of the *Inconstant* is out of all proportion to the necessities of the case. The *Alabama* was not wanting in gun-power, so far as we know, and until her fight with the *Kearsarge* no doubt was entertained of its sufficiency, yet it consisted only of one 68-pounder, one 120-pounder Blakely gun, and six 32-pounders, the united force of which is far below comparison with that of the guns carried by the *Volage* and *Active*. Still, it is satisfactory to know that in armament as well as in other particulars, our specially constructed cruisers are much more than a match for any of the improvised cruisers into which fast ocean steamers might be turned, and that such vessels might consequently be soon swept off the seas, even if they should have inflicted some damage before that event occurred. In view of all the facts, however, we are of opinion that the smaller and more lightly-armed cruiser of the *Volage* type will, in case of war, be found to do better service, proportionately to the cost of their maintenance, than the *Inconstant*;

and in adding to the number of these vessels we trust the smaller type will be conformed to, especially as in time of peace these ships will be capable of performing economically the distant and cruising services now undertaken by wood ships.

The facts set forth in this article show that although the Americans led the way in the construction of these swift cruisers, and are still considerably ahead of us as far as numbers only are concerned, we stand above them in the quality and success of our ships, a fact which is owing mainly to the superiority of our engines and of our method of constructing the hulls. There seems no immediate prospect of our equaling the number of these ships completed in America, but this is the less to be regretted as we possess in our sea-going iron-clads a description of force which is not to be found in the American navy; many of the vessels, as we have said, being faster under steam than most of the American cruisers, and having besides considerable sail-power.

Should war ever break out between this country and America, there is little likelihood of our having to deal with their iron-clad fleet, so long as it continues to consist almost exclusively of monitors; but, these being retained on the coast in shallower waters than most of our iron-clads could enter, our ships would have to deal mainly with their unarmoured cruisers. These might for a time make some havoc amongst our merchant ships; yet having, as we should have, the full command of the sea by means of our sea-going iron-clads, we should probably make short work with these adversaries, and our own unarmoured cruisers would, without doubt, annihilate American commerce before hostilities had been long in progress. While desiring, as all must desire, that the necessity for such action may never arise, it cannot fail to give satisfaction to English readers to find that in all branches of our naval force suited to ocean-warfare we are still superior to America.

N. A.

It has been proposed to form a "Society for promoting the Knowledge of Hebrew Literature," which will undertake to publish translations, with or without original texts, either of entire works or of abstracts and selections from them, according to the nature of their contents. A further object is the organization of lectures, courses for exposition of important Hebrew works, and periodical meetings. The subscription will be one guinea annually. Important names have been already enrolled, and the Provisional Committee will shortly publish a detailed prospectus. It is to be hoped that the gentlemen originating this desirable project will succeed in their laudable scheme. Both Christians and Jews may unite in it, especially as the literature intended to be brought before the English public will be post-Biblical. *Athenæum*.

any determined depth under the surface of the water, the fore part filled with explosive matter, but the motive power in the after part provided by compressed air instead of steam. This vessel is like a swordfish, with not only a snout in front but with snouts projecting from the sides and rising up vertically. Charged with dynamite or nitro-glycerine, the torpedo can make a hole in the hull of the strongest iron-built vessel; and can be made to run forward to its destination, under the water, either in a straight or in a curved line. The mechanical construction of the monster is kept a profound secret, this being considered safer than the security of a patent; but if the reports can be trusted we shall soon hear of new developments in the system of naval warfare.

THE NEW TORPEDO. — The new torpedo, says the *Daily News* (Dec. 21), must be a formidable monster, if all reports be true. It has been invented by an English engineer, Mr. Whitehead, living at Fiume, on the Adriatic. The first idea of it was suggested by Captain Luppis, of the Austrian navy, who proposed to make a torpedo which should float on the surface of the water, and move forward by force of steam — the fore part filled with explosive matter, the after part containing the motive power. Mr. Whitehead modified this design, and produced a torpedo in the shape of a large fish, floating at

Excavations have been carried on with activity on Mount Palatine, now the private property of the Emperor Napoleon. Nearly the whole of the palace of the Cæsars has been brought to light, the walls of which are covered with frescopaintings of genii, birds, flowers, &c. One of these represents Polyphemus in the act of surprising Acis and Galatea; but, contrary to the ordinary rule, the giant is represented with the usual number of eyes. It may be added that the Pope has ordered the restoration of the church of Santa Maria of the Martyrs, the ancient Pantheon of Agrippa.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
GLIMPSSES OF CHRISTMAS IN THE DAYS
OF OLD.

CHRISTMAS revelry in the days of old was one thing in the palace, another in the convent, a third in the university, and a fourth among the people. At court it was mostly a serious affair. Every step of the games was carefully prearranged, and the courtiers laughed, quaffed, and tripped up one another's heels with the nicest attention to programme. That anomalous personage with the Hibernian title, the Ruler of Misrule, was, therefore, indispensable. In England he was a mere temporary autocrat, who vanished with the holidays. But they managed this, as well as other things, differently in France, where the Merry Monarch was a permanent institution. On his return from the crusades, Philip Augustus reorganized the not very reputable band that, time out of mind, had followed the court and ministered to its amusement. He mustered the females in one troop and the males in another, set a limit to their numbers, drew up rules for their guidance, and placed the whole under the command of the King of the Ribalds. An important personage was he, being the supreme judge of all offences committed within the precincts of the palace, as well as of disputed points at play, the executioner of his own sentences, and the keeper of the royal doors as well as of the royal dice. As porter he was assisted by his band, who were considerably more useful in their way, but hardly so splendid as the Cent Gardes. The ribalds received no particular stipend, dressed as they liked, or as they could, and were generally in tatters. They were armed, too, though not very regally, with stout cudgels, and formed, on the whole, some such picture as may be realized any fine day towards harvest-time on the quays of Dublin or Liverpool. Their leader, however, fared and dressed better. An edict issued by Philip the Hardy, 1260, fixed his salary at six deniers a year and his board, with forty sous additional for a robe and a valet. But this was the smallest part of his gains. He received numerous presents, was entitled to the clothes of the criminals he executed, and levied a poll-tax of five sols a year on the magdalens of Paris, and a house-tax of two sols a week on each of their haunts. So long as courtly tastes retained their primitive coarseness, the King of the Ribalds did very well as master of the revels. On common occasions he drew up his following blindfold in the tilt-yard, armed them with clubs, and turned a pig loose among them as the prize of the lady or gentleman who should happen

to knock it down; he set them grinning through horse-collars and climbing greasy poles; and, in short, he manoeuvred them through all the boisterous and often uncleanly pastimes of the Dutch kermis or English wake. Nor was he without inventions more recondite, though hardly more refined, for the higher holidays. When Philip the Fair, for instance, entertained our Edward I., the King of the Ribalds made himself up as Master Reynard. After a few gambols in character, he drew on a surplice over his fox-hide, and sang the epistle. Having aped the priest sufficiently, he assumed mitre and crosier, and aped the bishop. Finally, donning the tiara and other papal vestments, he pursued the poultry on all fours, "biting and crunching" them as he caught them, to signify the rapacity of Boniface II. It was at Christmas, however, that the Ribald King appeared in his might as a caterer of amusement. "In one corner of the palace," says an old chronicler, describing one of his Yule pageants, "there was a group of savage men, who made hideous grimaces and combated comically. Beside them were three beautiful girls, playing the part of sirens — *tous nues* — which was a pretty sight, and singing songs and anthems." And not far off was a scaffold, whereon was built a mimic castle. This was assailed by one party representing gallant Frenchmen, and defended by another arrayed — how may be conjectured — as stupid Englishmen. The former charged to the cry of "Montjoie St. Denis!" and the latter shrieked their national slogan, "Rosbif! Goddam!" with all their might. The "goddams,"* of course, were vanquished, and, to the delight of the spectators, "had all their throats cut" — in appearance only, we trust; though, considering the character of the times, when a bit of slaughter was often no more than a good jest, it would have been more satisfactory if the annalist had said as much. As letters progressed these rude spectacles fell out of fashion, and with them the King of the Ribalds. Being ousted from the control of the revels by the male favourite of the day, he gradually subsided into a mere executioner, finally disappearing with his crew during the ascendancy of Agnes Sorel; the last who bore the title being Stephen Mesteau, who died "in his house in the Rue des Juifs" in 1448.

The influence of his successors — the Bounivets and Villequiers — depending on

* Thus Joan of Arc, among others, designated the English of that day.

their capacity for providing rich and varied entertainment, they took care to surround themselves with poets and artists skilful to contrive and order masque, ballet, and banquet. The magnificence of the last has been quite sufficiently described already. We suspect, however, that it was not always so wonderful as the court chroniclers of the period would have us believe. These gentlemen were, above all things, anxious for the glorification of their patrons, and what the feast lacked in reality they contrived to supply in description — with the aid of those classics who have celebrated the gastronomic glories of Vitellius and other imperial epicures. For all that, the mediæval banquet was a brilliant thing, especially towards the Renaissance, when taste began to select the fare, and genius to mould the plate, and especially to break the monotony of the feast with the happy invention of entremets, or spectacles between the courses. One of these entremets was a ship in full sail, which was drawn into the banquet-hall. In the ship stood a knight in armour, leading a monstrous swan by a golden chain. There was a man inside the swan, and a "salvage" at each wing, while the knight himself was attended by pages feathered like eagles. Another entremet was a room that vented a procession among the guests. First trooped a crowd bearing torches; then followed a herald and two knights, laden with wreaths of flowers; and in the rear, on a white palfrey, trotted Joy, a beautiful girl, with her hair hanging loose. The herald pronounced a speech, the knights distributed their wreaths, and Joy, climbing the table with her steed, rode up to the lord of the feast, and presented him with — a kiss. A third of these spectacles was a mountain bearing a castle. At the windows appeared the four seasons — young beauties — scattering flowers. And on the towers, singing an ode composed for the occasion, stood four youths habited as the winds. The song ceasing, the rock opened, and out sprang a griffin, shooting flames from his mouth and nostrils. He was followed by his keepers — six savage men — who danced a morrice. The seasons and the winds then descended and danced another. Afterwards all danced together. Finally, the actors resumed their places, and the mountain was trundled out. Another of these mountains bore a garden of wax flowers, tended by a poet, who gathered roses, and presented them to the ladies with suitable rhymes. A third mountain had a fountain of scented water at each corner. Beside these fountains reclined four picturesque savages, and on the mountain-top

stood a pretty girl in the guise of the fairy-queen. These characters descended, danced, and resumed their places; the fairy then raised her wand and struck the hill. Scores of little doors opened all over it, and out flew a multitude of sparrows. A second stroke released a crowd of rabbits, whose scurrying among the guests occasioned much laughter. A third brought forth a company of singing damsels. And a fourth let loose a troop of howling demons, who executed a number of acrobatic feats, and then ran off with the nymphs. The mountain, in short, was the favourite form of the entremet, and was reproduced year after year in every European court — with endless variety beyond the Channel, but, owing perhaps to our natural love of precedent, rather more monotonously in Britain.

On Twelfth Day, 1513, there was "a pageant" at Bluff Harry's court — a golden mountain, with a golden tree on the top. Out of this mountain issued a lady attended by children of honour who danced a morrice before the king. When the dance was over, the lady and her train re-entered the mountain, which was then drawn out of the hall. The next time the mountain appeared it carried a beacon, which was watched by the king and five of his knights. The watchers descended and danced before the Queen. Then six ladies emerged from the mountain and danced in their turn, after which knights and dames danced together. This mountain — already patriarchal at the accession of the Tudors — continued to make its appearance as regularly as Christmas, and in much the same form, for seventy or eighty years more.

The feast with its tissue of entremets was succeeded by the ballet, an entertainment of boundless variety, wherein the actors were the courtiers, and not unfrequently majesty itself. The ballet was not merely a series of picturesque attitudes and graceful evolutions. It always told a story, and that not seldom a complicated one. The subject was sometimes a chivalrous romance, or classic fable; but more frequently a mixture of both, or one of those long-winded allegories which the mediæval brain delighted to spin, and which modern sculpture, — such a thing is taste, — so long delighted to illustrate. The illustrations in flesh and blood, however, were far prettier things than those in bronze and marble. One of these ballets was in five parts — the subject being Fire. The first part represented Prometheus stealing the spark from heaven, and brought out a pretty array of Deities and Titans. In the second part Vulcan and Venus were exhibited forging the bolts of

Jove amid a group of Cyclops and Cupids. The third pictured the fall of Phaëton, steeds and chariot of the sun included. The fourth told the love of Semele and its fatal catastrophe. And the fifth closed with Love and Beauty setting the universe on fire between them. Another ballet by six ladies and twelve gentlemen represented the carrying off of nymphs by satyrs. "The fable was so admirably expressed," says the old writer who describes it, "that every one could recognize by their gestures the feelings of the actors. Passion spoke in the movements of the satyrs, and embarrassment and terror in those of the nymphs. Strength and boldness characterized the former; shame and grief the latter. Nothing could be more vivid than the figures of this marvellous pantomime."

By the close of the ballet the excitement of the evening had usually reached its height, and then appeared the mask. This was a group of gentlemen in various grotesque disguises, who burst in among the guests and threw everything into confusion. They roared, romped, teased the ladies, sometimes frightened them, and always brought the mistletoe into ample and active use. There was a great deal of fun in this last of the frolics, and sometimes much fatality. For inebriety, the general failing of the good old times, was sure to be in the ascendant, and accidents happened that, in the period of torches and wooden palaces, more than once involved provinces in mourning. The most memorable of these accidents befel at Paris in 1393. The Christmas holidays were spent, but the riotous appetite of the pleasure-loving court being still unsated, a marriage was improvised between two of the royal attendants as an excuse for prolonging the merriment. A marriage feast in the middle ages was a rough affair at the best, but everything tended to render this one unusually licentious. It was, indeed, an indescribable mixture of high-birth ruffianism, horse-play, and obscenity, in which it was hard to say who was the coarser—the King of France at the head of his court, or the King of the Ribalds at the tail of his crew. Of the two the former probably bore away the palm; for all through that disorderly day and still more disorderly night, he had a man at his elbow than whom there was none in Europe more prolific of unseemly devices. This was Sir Hugonin de Guisay, the idol of the reckless, the aversion of the orderly, and the detestation of the populace. And not without good reason. He delighted to exercise his wicked wit on tradesmen and mechanics, treating those he encountered

in his walks as the Mohocks of a former generation were accustomed to treat their victims, pricking them with his spurs, and compelling them to creep on all fours and bark like dogs before he let them go. Towards midnight, when all were half mad with wine, De Guisay suggested a mask. These things, rough as they were, were usually prearranged. Everybody knew when to look for the maskers, and, in most instances, who they were. But the marriage had been too hasty for this; nobody now expected anything of the kind; and the King took the hint all the more eagerly. He retired, unobserved by the crowd, with De Guisay and four other wild ones—scions all of the noblest houses in France. The projector of mischief had a quantity of tow and a pitch-pot in readiness, and the tight dresses of the group were speedily covered with a very good imitation of the shaggy hide of the bear. Masks for the face were always at hand, and thus the travestie was effected in a very few minutes. Five of the gang were then bound together by means of a silken rope cut from the tapestry, and the sixth, the King, led them into the hall, where the thing took amazingly. "Who are they?" was the general cry; but that, of course, nobody could tell. At this instant entered the wildest of all the wild Dukes of Orleans. Hearing of the superior order of the fun going on at the palace, he had left his own amusements in another quarter, and hurried thither. He found the torch-bearers ranged close along the walls, and the inquisitive company gathered round the maskers. "Who are they?" hiccupped the three-parts intoxicated prince. "We'll soon find that out." And snatching a torch from one of the bearers, he staggered forward. Some gentlemen attempted to stay him, but he was obstinate and quarrelsome, and refused to be restrained, except by main force; and as this was not to be thought of with a prince of the blood, however fuddled or mischievous, they gave way. The prince lowered his torch to examine the nearest of the maskers. But hand and foot being equally unsteady, he brought the flame in contact with the tow, and the group was instantly in a bright flame. Presence of mind, or common sobriety on the part of spectators or actors, might have averted the results. But there was none of the latter there, and but two instances of the former. The youthful consort of the aged Duke of Berry seized the King, and enveloped him in her ample robe; thus he was saved. Another of the maskers, the young Lord of Nantouillet, noted for strength and

agility, rent the silken rope with a wrench of his strong teeth — pitched himself like a meteor through the next window, and plunging into a cistern in the court, escaped with scarce a scar. As for the other four, they dragged hither and thither through the horrified mob, fighting with each other and the flame, and uttering the most awful shrieks. Men who had gone unflinching through a hundred fights sickened at the sight, and women fainted by scores. Roused by the uproar, all Paris was soon afoot in wild excitement, and crowded round the palace. A hundred reports were current — that the princes were engaged in deadly strife being the one most credited. At last the flame burnt out, and the four maskers lay a black and writhing heap on the floor. One of them was a mere cinder; a second survived till daybreak; a third died at noon the next day; and the fourth — the contriver of the mask — lived in horrible torments until the third day. "Bark, dog, bark!" yelled the Parisians as his body was borne to the grave.

Wherever there happened to be a choir, a school was maintained for the instruction of the choristers, where they were instructed in music, and the more promising among them prepared for the universities. To stimulate these youths in their studies, — with the hope, as Strype remarks, "that they might one day attain to the real mitre," — the festival of the boy-bishop was devised. On the eve of St. Nicholas — the patron of schoolboys — the election took place. This might have been free on the Continent — especially among the poor-scholars of Germany, who acknowledged little control during lessons, and none at all after, — but in England there is reason to believe that it was conducted much like the election of a real bishop. The boy-bishop then was pretty sure to be the good boy of the school — that is, if he were handsome and well shaped — qualifications even more essential than merit, as appears from the registers of York Cathedral. Every choir was provided with robes for his use, which, as shown by the list preserved in the Northumberland household book, were hardly less magnificent than those of the diocesan himself. They were provided by the founders and patrons, kept in repair at the expense of the parish, and renewed by donation and legacy. Among the records of the churchwardens of Lambeth there are various entries concerning the repair of the boy-bishop's vestments; and Archbishop Rotherham bequeathed his mitre to the college which he founded at Rotherham in 1481. On St. Nicholas's day the boy-

bishop went to church in great state. In London he appears to have been mounted, for a statute of Old St. Paul's directs one of the canons of that cathedral to provide him with a quiet horse. Due care, too, was taken to secure him an adequate following. The statutes of St. Paul's School (1518) direct that every Childermas the pupils shall go to St. Paul's to hear the child-bishop's sermon. They add that "after he be at the high mass, each of them shall offer a penny to the child-bishop." His demeanour at church is thus described by Cyrus de Thuard, Bishop of Châlons, who abolished the festival in his diocese: — "This fine pontiff placed himself in the bishop's throne during the office of the day, surrounded by his boyish chapter. He and they performed the parts of bishop and canons; while the real canons took the places of the children, and acted in all respects up to the character." The boy-bishop went through all the ceremonies of the day, and even sang the mass. This is denied, but there is abundance of proof. The records of Noyon say that he went through the *whole* service; the proclamation of Henry VIII., suppressing the boy-bishop, states that he said mass; he was permitted to do so by the statutes of Winchester College, and he was *ordered* to do it by those of Eton. Nobody, however, denies the fact of his preaching. "Suffer little children to come unto me," was always the text; and the discourse, evidently as much a portion of the properties as the crosier or mitre, was repeated year after year, and was just a moral lecture to children, and nothing more. After service the boy-bishop and his followers, assisted by a hired train of mountebanks and minstrels, promenaded the district in search of contributions. They sang gay songs, and indulged in laughter-moving antics, and returned to a feast provided by the churchwardens. The boy-bishop had two privileges: he could — and once, at Cambray, really did — fill up a vacancy occurring in the chapter during his term of office. And did he die during the same period, he was buried with all the pomp of a real bishop, as in the noted case at Salisbury. Boys were not the only actors in these odd ceremonies. They were got up, though not perhaps very generally, among the girls attending the conventual schools. This is stated in the proclamation of 1542. Grosteste, Bishop of Lincoln, also forbade the practice in his diocese at an earlier period; and Archbishop Peckham, writing to the nuns of Godstowe in 1278, enjoins that "public prayers be no longer said in

church on St. Catherine's day by little girls."

The boy-bishop of the choir was a tame performance compared with that of the university. In the hands of the students the ceremonies of the day were anything rather than a mild imitation of the original rites. Wild burlesque, wilder fun, and reckless mischief characterized their proceedings. The service was uproar, and the sermon generally an audacious libel on existing authorities. They left the church to play, for the delectation of the mob, such a farce as only mediæval students could write or enact. This closed the short day, and then followed a torchlight procession through the streets, accompanied by a horrible tintamarre and all sorts of indescribable freaks; and generally closing in a conflict with the watch. So it happened in Paris on the eve of St. Nicholas, 1365. There was a formidable riot; but the peace-preservers being the stronger, the students were put to flight and hotly chased to the schools in the Rue de la Bucherie. Not content with their victory, the sergeants forced the gates and carried off numerous prisoners, whom they immured forthwith in the Châtelet. This was a palpable infringement of clerical privilege, and so these sergeants found it. Next day the captives were released with many apologies, and the captors locked up in their stead. The collegiate authorities were satisfied, but not so the students, who determined to take vengeance with their own hands on the first favourable opportunity. Such a one did not offer the next year. In 1367, however, the students obtained what they desired. After a stout fight, in which one or two were killed, and many wounded, among them the bishop, the watch was defeated, and the streets abandoned for the rest of the night to the students. This drew down the interference of the Parliament, which commissioned the commander of the watch to examine the wounded bishop as to the ringleaders in the riot. The Chevalier du Guet obeyed, and visited the Quartier Latin with a strong guard at his back. But it was not strong enough. Hardly had he entered the house where lay the wounded bishop than the doors were banged to, and himself and his men were assailed by a formidable body of students, well thrashed, disarmed, stripped of their nether garments, and driven with ignominy out of the Quartier. The Parliament was furious, but there was no getting at the perpetrators of the outrage. So, determined that somebody should be punished, it sentenced all those who had taken part in the procession to

traverse Paris in much the same plight as that in which the watch had so recently appeared. This the students did; and having made the *amende honorable* in the presence of the king, the magistrates, and the heads of the university, the perpetrators of the outrage were pardoned by proclamation, and admonished not to do the like again; but with very small effect.

The procession of the boy-bishop was prohibited by numerous councils, and obstinately warred with by monarchs and magistrates. It held its ground, however, as staunchly as the plague itself, until the general purification of opinion, and then it vanished like a mist.

The Revelry of the Clergy, or the Feast of Fools, was, beyond question, the perfection of Christmas frolic. This festival was invented, according to some, to wean the people from heathen observances, but in the opinion of the doctors of the Sorbonne, "that the folly which is natural to, and born with us, might exhale at least once a year." It was marked in the Calendar: *Festum Fatuorum in Epiphania, et ejus Octavia*. The learned entertained different views concerning its propriety. From some it met with unqualified approval, from others as unreserved reprobation. A Flemish divine declared in full council at Auxerre, that this festival was quite as acceptable to God as that of the Immaculate Conception, and met with much applause from his brethren. Thereupon Gerson, the most noted theologian of his day, stood up and asserted, amid equal approval, that "if all the devils in hell had put their heads together to devise a feast that should utterly scandalize Christianity, they could not have improved upon this one." And, whatever the fact might have been in his own times, Gerson's opinion is now undisputed. Thiers—not the historian of the Empire, but an ecclesiastic of the seventeenth century, great in most kinds of useless knowledge, and, therefore, well read about the Feast of Fools—says that this festival deserved to be called *La Fête du Diable*, and nearly all antiquaries say much the same. When the Feast of Fools began to be observed by the Christian clergy, it is impossible to tell. The period, however, was sufficiently early. Glimpses of it, or something very like it, are to be caught from time to time in the darkest ages. At Beauvais, for instance, in the year 500, a monkish writer shows the clergy outside the church-doors on Christmas Day drinking wine out of pitchers, and exchanging witticisms and practical jokes with the passengers. A law of King Childbert's, dated 554 or thereabouts, forbids

"the disorders that are perpetrated during the night of the eve of feasts, even those of Easter and Christmas, occasions when nothing is thought of but singing, drinking, and other debaucheries." Gregory of Tours mentions that in his time the *nuns* of Poitiers were peculiarly notorious for keeping these revels. And three centuries later, in 867, we find the Council of Constantinople proscribing similar observances among the Eastern clergy. If we are to credit Cedrenus, who wrote early in the eleventh century, it was the Patriarch Theophylact who first legalized these practices, A.D. 990. "Theophylact," says Cedrenus, "introduced" (that is, authorized and, probably, regulated) "the practice which prevails to this day of scandalizing God and the memory of his saints on the most splendid and popular festivals, by indecent and ridiculous songs and enormous shoutings, even in the midst of these sacred hymns which we ought to offer to the Divine Grace with compunction of heart for the salvation of our souls. But he, collecting a company of base fellows, and placing over them one Euthymius, surnamed Casnes, whom he appointed superintendent of his church, admitted into the sacred service diabolical dances, exclamations of ribaldry, and ballads borrowed from the streets and vilest haunts." Whether it be as Cedrenus says or not, it is certain that, early in the eleventh century, the Feast of Fools was universally observed.

But it was observed with a great deal of variety. It seems to have been confined to the cathedrals, the collegiate churches, and the great monasteries. As to the parish churches and smaller convents, these, as we shall see, had an equivalent in such festivals as that of the Ass. Where the clergy were few the revels were simple; but when they happened to be numerous the ceremonies became more complicated. In this case the inferior clerks—the deacons and sub-deacons—had one feast, and the full-fledged priests another; nearly every locality also observed some peculiarity in the rites. These began with the election of the chief or chiefs, who were variously termed abbots, bishops, or popes of fools, cornards, or esclaffards. And there was quite as much variety in the period of election as in the title. At Viviers it took place on the 17th of December; in our own universities on the 21st; at Rome on the 10th of November; among the German students on Twelfth Day; and at Rheims on the 18th of July. In the last instance a carpet was spread and forms were arranged under a great elm-tree in front of the cathedral. There the whole

chapter assembled, and elected the Abbot of Fools with as much gravity, debate, and intrigue as goes towards the appointment of more serious potentates. Immediately after the election the bells were set ringing—how, will be shown by the following incident, which occurred at Evreux in the days of King Stephen. Seeing that the deacons, who superseded the regular ringers on these occasions, had no purpose except to make as much clamour as possible, and therefore rang so furiously as to damage bells and belfry, besides injuring and sometimes killing one another, the bishop prohibited this part of the performance. He did more. Having a shrewd notion that a mere prohibition would have little effect, he placed the legitimate ringers in the belfry, armed them with stout staves, and directed them to keep the place against all comers. The deacons, indignant at this unwarrantable interference with their admitted rights, and determined, so far as they could, to stand strictly on "the old lines of the constitution," laid vigorous siege to the belfry. The defence was creditable to the garrison, and several tansured crowns were neatly cracked. Some of the assailants, however, clambering over the cathedral roof, while others broke down the door, the belfry was stormed at all points. The bishop's men, being mastered, were deprived of the keys, well cuffed, and then thrust out. The ringing that ensued was something awful. It was enough to make even a bishop indulge in strong language; and this one did not refrain. "Heavens!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands to his ears, "will nobody stop those infernal deacons?" Such an interjection was never uttered in vain by a man of rank in those days, and hardly had the bishop spoken when two of his gravest canons, Walter Deutelin and John Mansel, started off to the scene of action, with the view of reducing the uproar to some sort of moderation. This was not a judicious proceeding. In somewhere about seven minutes the bishop saw his dutiful canons swinging in the wind from the top of the belfry, about 200 feet from the ground. In each instance, indeed, the rope was passed under the arms, which was not quite so bad as if it had been knotted round the neck. Still, the situation was not an agreeable one. It is not pleasant to swing at such a height, even when the cord is thoroughly trustworthy. But here this was hardly the fact. The canons were exceedingly canonical in their proportions, and the ropes were neither new nor particularly strong. But interference was useless. So the canons retained their precarious position, and "hung

and swung in the sight of men," and of a good many women and boys, too, until the diaconal idea of vengeance was satisfied. This, however, did not occur until three-fourths of the bells and several of the ringers had been reduced to the condition of Professor Puzzle's mouse-trap, that is rendered *hors de combat*.*

The bell-ringing duly achieved, the Abbot of Fools was raised on the shoulders of his flock, who chanting the *Te Deum* as they went, carried him in triumph to the chapter-house, where the rest of the chapter was assembled. Everybody, including the bishop, rose at his entrance, and did him reverence. Afterwards, all sat down to a feast, which was opened with a mock grace and closed with a burlesque hymn. The new abbot was then mounted on an ass, with his face to the tail, and led in procession through the town, distributing ridiculous blessings among the people; and this portion of the ceremony was repeated every evening until the holidays closed.

The bishop or archbishop of fools — according to the dignity of the see — was elected by the clergymen in full orders, and installed in office with appropriate ceremonies. The whole chapter being gathered in the cathedral, he was clad in the bishop's robes and seated in the episcopal throne with all the usual honours. The service of the day was then chanted. At its close the almoner of fools called out "Silence, keep silence;" the choir replied, "Thank God." Then the bishop recited a comic benediction, and the almoner distributed equally comic indulgences — to some toothache or gout, to others liberty to drink when they were thirsty, and so forth.

In the numerous privileged chapels — those that acknowledged no superior but his Holiness — the ruler of the frolics took the title of pope of fools, and was installed with a burlesque of the rites employed in the consecration of his prototype.

All these proceedings were merely introductory. The fête itself took place on Christmas Day, the 1st of January, Innocents' Day, or the Epiphany, which last was known in many quarters as "the excellent fête of fools." When there happened to be an abbot and a bishop of fools in the same place, it was often the custom to hold separate revels. But in the majority of instances the priest and deacons coalesced after the investiture of their respective

chiefs. When the long-expected morning came, the clergy put on their best robes, and accompanied the bishop, the latter in full canonicals, to church, where his entrance was marked by a grand peal of the bells, and the most thunderous tones of the organ. He was then seated in the episcopal throne, and high mass commenced. At this point, all those who were not absolutely required to carry on the service stole out to change their robes. They soon reappeared grotesquely painted and masked, and accompanied by the more notorious of the rollicking blades of the neighbourhood in similar attire: some being dressed as jugglers, others like women, and others again like wild beasts or demons. Then — the service still going on — the maskers began their tricks. They threw summersaults, played all sorts of school-boy games, and made every conceivable noise. They placed a lighted stove on the altar, and roasted sausages at it; they sat down beside it and played at dice; they sang very profane songs; they burnt old shoes in the censers and held them under the nose of the officiating priest; they bedaubed and blackened his face, they threw coals at one another, and among the people; they shouted "strange oaths;" they even quarrelled and fought in downright earnest. And they closed the service with this singular performance: Half-a-dozen or more of them assuming lunacy, threw off every article of clothing, and were pursued round and round the church, inside and out, by their yelling comrades, who drenched them with water, and everybody else who chanced to be looking on. A council held towards the close of the fifteenth century endeavoured to reform at least this portion of the fête. With this purpose it sagely enacted that naked men were no more to be hunted through the church on Christmas morning, but *only* through the cloisters; and that water alone was to be thrown at them, *and not the buckets too*.

Outside the church a scaffold was erected. This was brought into requisition immediately after the service, for the exhibition of a "farce." The farce, as we learn from the registers of the Church of St. Stephen, at Dijon, under the date of 1494, was always opened with a scene greatly in favour with the mob — the shaving of the precentor. He was an official who had charge of the choir; and, as Fosbrooke says, "was empowered to tug the ears and pull the hair of the boys, and thump the deacons and sub-deacons who told lies, or otherwise misconducted themselves." Generally speaking, he was a tyrant, a sort of mediæval Squeers; and

* "If you please, sir," said the housemaid, "the trap won't catch no mice." "Why, Mary," pronounced the professor, after grave examination of the machine, "it is *hors de combat*!" "Oh," said Mary, "is that all? I thought it was broke."

when his victims had the shaving of him, they did it in perfection — not sparing him a single rasp or bucket of water. Indeed the same council that issued those judicious regulations respecting the nudities on Christmas morning, endeavoured in like manner to place limits to the torture of the precentor, forbidding his barbers to use more than three tubs of water in the operation. But of course their decrees were as little regarded in this instance as in the other, and the shaving went on pretty much as with seamen who cross the line for the first time. Indeed the ceremonies are so much alike, that we incline to think the marine romp derived from the monkish one. There was the same monstrous razor and disagreeable lather, and the same infinity of drenching — not a little of which fell to the lot of the crowd that grinned below. The farce that followed was always very satirical, still more personal, and excessively gross. It formed, indeed, a constant cause of bickering between the actors and the authorities, and was prohibited times without number. But being one of those things that education alone can put down, it defied magisterial interference to the very last.

The farce was followed by a procession — and such a procession! That of Silenus was nothing to it. There were musical instruments of all sorts: drums, old pots, trumpets, cowhorns, everything that could be made to emit a sound, and the harsher the better. All the mud-carts, well laden, were there, as well as numerous donkeys in fantastic harness, and one or two caravans hired for the purpose from travelling showmen. Mounted on these went the reverend gentlemen, in suitable attire. They promenaded the streets for hours, attended by a numerous crowd, and saluted everywhere with roars of laughter and showers of unsavoury missiles, which especially the latter, they richly merited. Some of them blessed the spectators in language that sounded exceedingly like cursing, others bespattered them with mud; those on the donkeys treated them to comic songs; and those in the caravans with tumbling and tableaux-vivants that an English pen cannot describe, except as infamous. Symbols and ornaments appeared in these processions, identical with those used in the pagan mysteries. Most of them have disappeared, chiefly during the turmoil of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. A few specimens still remain in the possession of the curious. These, however, are diminishing daily, because even the antiquarian mania cannot always restrain the destroying hand of disgust. How came they into the hands of the

Christian clergy? The question is suggestive. But hardly as suggestive as these facts. The Feast of fools was vigorously and persistently opposed by the heads of the mediæval church. It was prohibited by bishop after bishop, and anathematized by council after council — the edicts levelled at it counting by hundreds, and dating from early in the twelfth century up to the sixteenth century. But quite in vain. It proved ineradicable from among the clergy; nay, it rather appeared to gather strength. And, strange as it may seem, it was widely prevalent among the nuns, who observed it with nearly as much licence, and adhered to it with equal obstinacy. And yet to-day it has vanished almost from memory. Which is the better — folly or schism, licentiousness or liberty? The choice must be made; where the latter is prohibited the former is sure to flourish in the rankest luxuriance.

The Abbot of Unreason, our English equivalent for the bishop of fools, was a much inferior personage. There was plenty of fun and horse-play exhibited under his rule, and occasionally some rough satire. But there was little or nothing of the audacious profanity and licentiousness that characterized the reign of the foreign potentate. A statute of Henry III., forbidding clergymen to play at dice at church, shows that — favoured probably by his French minions — the continental method of observing Christmas had made some progress in his day among our countrymen. The enactment, however, was not afterwards repeated; nor does it appear to have been required. From that time, at least, the Abbot of Unreason in Britain was seldom or never a clergyman. There was, indeed, such a personage attached to every cathedral and monastery, as well as to each municipality and baronial hall. He was, however, a lay servant or retainer; for, except in the case of the boy-bishop, his masters took no prominent part in the revels. The terms, therefore, Lord of Misrule and Abbot of Unreason were with us convertible. As to the office, it was not generally filled by election. At Court some poetasting knight or gentleman was nominated to it by the monarch or leading minister; in the country, it was filled by some younger brother or hanger-on; and at the universities a master of arts — a grave and reverend seignior, much more likely to restrain than to animate them — was appointed by the heads of the colleges to regulate the games. It was different among the people; but we must let Master Stubbs, the Puritan, speak on this point: — “All the wild heads of the parish, flocking together, choose them a

grand captain of mischief, whom they ennobled with the title of Lord of Misrule; and him they crown with great solemnity, and adopt for their king. This king, anointed, chooseth four-and-twenty, forty, threescore, or a hundred like himself, to wait upon his lordly majesty, and to guard his noble person. Then every one of these men he investeth with his liveries of green, of yellow, or some other light wanton colour; and as though they were not gaudy enough, they bedeck themselves with scarves, ribbons, and laces, hung all over with gold rings, precious stones, and other jewels. This done, they tie about either leg twenty or forty bells, with rich handkerchiefs in their hands, and sometimes laid across their shoulders and necks. Then have they their hobby-horses, their dragons, and other antics, together with their bawdy pipes and thundering drummers to strike the devil's dance withal. Then march this heathenish company towards the church, their pipes piping, their drums thundering, their bells jingling, their handkerchiefs fluttering about their heads like madmen, their hobby-horses and other monsters skirmishing among the throng. And in this sort they go to the church, though the minister be at prayer or preaching — dancing and singing with such a confused noise that no man can hear his own voice. And thus these terrestrial furies spend the Sabbath day. Then they have certain papers wherein is painted some babelerie or other of imagery work, and these they call my Lord of Misrule's badges or cognizances. These they give to every one that will give them money to maintain them in their heathenish devilry. And who will not show himself buxom to them and give them money, he shall be mocked and flouted shamefully. Yea, and many times carried on a cow-staff and dived over head and ears in water, or otherwise most horribly abused." We strongly suspect Master Stubbs, like Juvenal, had a sneaking kindness for the abuses he so racily describes. However that may be, he certainly does not exaggerate with respect to the treatment in store for those who did not show themselves "buxom" to the revellers and their chief, as a certain apparitor attached to the archiepiscopal court of St. Andrew's once proved to his sorrow. This officer, with rare audacity, ventured to serve letters of excommunication issue against the Lord of Borthwick, while the inmates of the castle were celebrating Christmas, and met with the fate of many an Irish "process-server" in the good old days when Irishmen were more like themselves than they are now, and preferred a frolicsome

vengeance any day in the week to a fatal one. Having discharged his duty, the apparitor was seized by the Abbot of Unreason and his crew, taken to the mill-stream and thoroughly well ducked. He was then compelled to eat his letters of excommunication to the last shred, and dismissed with the warning that all similar documents "should gang the same gate." Nor was Stubbs less correct in the other portions of his vivid account, as the following passage attests: "In 1440 one Captain John Gladman, a man ever true and faithful to God and the King, and constantly sportive, made public disport with his neighbours at Christmas. He traversed the town on a horse as gaudily caparisoned as himself, preceded by the twelve months, each dressed in character. After him crept the pale, attenuated figure of Lent, clothed in herring-skins, and mounted on a sorry horse, whose harness was covered with oyster-shells. A train fantastically garbed followed. Some were clothed as bears, apes, and wolves; others were tricked out in armour; a number appeared as harri-dans with blackened faces and tattered clothes; and all kept up a promiscuous fight. Last of all marched several carts, whereon a number of fellows dressed as old fools sat upon nests, and pretended to hatch young fools."

In parish churches, and wherever the clergy were not sufficiently numerous to conduct the Christmas revels themselves, they united for the purpose with the people. In these cases there was much sameness in the proceedings. The Flemings, for instance, repeated the Feast of Noël year after year, and from one end of the country to the other, with little or no variation. And the French country parsons and their rustic flocks reproduced the Feast of the Ass with just as much servility.

The Feast of Noël was celebrated by a procession that started from the church-door, made the circuit of the parish, and ended where it began. In front marched the curés and choristers, bearing crosses, banners, and relics, and occasionally singing anthems. After them came a young girl representing the Virgin, and a young man rather lightly clad and ornamented with a pair of wings, as the angel Gabriel. Then followed a cardboard cock with a child inside. This was succeeded by a cow, a goat, four sheep, and an ass, or rather, by models of these animals, each containing a boy. A fool mounted on a hobby-horse, and provided with bells and bauble closed the array. Every now and then the procession halted. The angel re-

cited the salutation, and kissed his companion, who said "Fiat"*—"So be it." Then, one after another, the cock crew the words "*Puer natus est nobis*,"—"Unto us a child is born;" the cow lowed, "*Ubi?*"—"Where?"—the sheep maaed, "*Bethlem*;" and the ass brayed, "*He-haw-mus*"—to signify *Eamus*—"Let us go thither." And then, as the goats and the fool had nothing in particular to add, the procession moved on, until the next halting-place was reached, when the performance was repeated.

The Feast of the Ass was very similar, but rather more pretentious, and, perhaps from some mystic sympathy between the hero and his worshippers, much more widely spread. Authorities were not quite agreed as to what particular ass was to be honoured in this feast. Nor was this to be wondered at, considering the variety from which they had to choose. There were Balaam's, Abigail's, the Shunamite's, and a hundred other scriptural and very estimable asses; to say nothing of the unscriptural, but none the less wonderful, beast of Zedekias the Jew, which had reproved the unbelief of his master by falling prostrate in the mud before the host. And few of these animals could complain of neglect. But decidedly the favourites were the beast used in the flight into Egypt, and the one bestriden by Balaam. The former, known as the Holy Ass, was said to have crossed the seas dryshod to Italy. Dying there, its bones were long preserved in an artificial ass, under the guardianship of four canons, who, of course, took care to parade the relics in the view of the faithful as often as possible. The feast originated, then, in Italy, but it was speedily domiciled in France, where—especially during the residence of the Popes at Avignon—it obtained much greater respect than on its native soil, and where, surviving most other mediæval matters of the sort, it was observed at Bourges so late as 1682. Bourges, indeed, was one of its principal seats, the people of that town being so infatuated with the Holy Ass that they adopted it for the city arms, where it figured for many a day, seated like a burgo-master in an easy chair. When the feast was in honour of Balaam's charger, it came off on Christmas Day, as at Rouen and Sens. In the other instance it was deferred until the 14th of January; but there seems to have been little difference in the proceedings—Balaam appearing mounted

at the one festival, and afoot at the other, while the rest of the characters remained unaltered. The procession left the church, traversed a certain circuit, and returned to the starting-point. A body of priests and choristers formed the advanced guard. Then came the ass, a wooden model containing a boy. On his back rode Balaam, dressed like an astrologer, or the Virgin, represented by a pretty girl nursing a doll. Behind the principal personage marched a long array of patriarchs and prophets—Moses, with his rod; David, in green, in company with Goliath, who carried a false head; Samson drawing a pasteboard lion; and, last of all, the poet Virgil, along with the Sibyls. There were many halts, during which the prophets chanted verses and conversed in character, while some of them repeated a characteristic feat: David, for instance, knocking down Goliath, and striking off his head; and Samson fencing with his plaything, and pulling a honeycomb out of his mouth. The crowd entered the church on its return, singing Latin rhymes in praise of the ass and his fête, and he-hawing lustily. The ass and its rider were then placed beside the altar, and the service began—and a very peculiar service it was. That in use at Sens was composed by Peter of Corbeil, who died bishop of the diocese in 1220. The manuscript is still preserved in the cathedral. Its silver binding is covered with grotesques, and its pages are bordered by figures of bacchantes and bacchanals in every attitude. The service consisted of a mass of odd matter, called the "prose of the ass," but mostly rhyme—half Latin, half French—interwoven with the ritual of the day. In it, the first syllable of the hallelujah was always lengthened into he-haw, and every one of the hymns had a suitable refrain, which the priests led off, and the people took up with exceeding heartiness. The service was further enlivened by a good deal of pantomime and broad farce, enacted by the patriarchs. At the close of the rites the following couplet was sung, as the manuscript directs, "*à grosse voix*," by four canons:—

Hæc est clara dies clararum, clara dierum;

Hæc est festa dies festarum, festa dierum.

He-haw, he-haw, he-haw, master ass.

Directly afterwards the deacon, turning towards the people, exclaimed, "*Ita missa est*—he-haw, he-haw, he-haw-aw-aw," and the people responded, "*Deo gratias*—he-haw, he-haw-aw-aw," which closed the service. "This feast of the ass was assuredly

* A friend at our elbow prefers to render this, "Do it again."

idolatrous," says an old writer; "and," he adds, with a turn of thought altogether mediæval, "the invention of the devil, that monkey and fool whom God Almighty keeps for his amusement."

Akin to the Feast of the Ass, though hardly so prevalent, was that of the Wise Men. This was observed at Milan, its original seat, in 1336, as follows:—Foremost in the Twelfth-Day procession, mounted on great horses and richly robed, marched the three kings. They were attended by numerous pages and followed by their guards and a great crowd. A tall mast supporting a golden star was borne before them to the pillars of San Lorenzo—sixteen scathed and shattered columns, now supporting nothing, that greatly puzzle the antiquary. Here Herod with his scribes and wise men awaited them and the scene described by the Evangelist, with sundry adjuncts not noticed in Scripture, was enacted. From the columns, still being preceded by the star, they adjourned to the ancient Church of Eustorgia. There, in the neighbourhood of the sarcophagus which once contained the relics that Barbarossa carried off to bestow on Cologne, they found what they sought in the manger and duly presented their gifts.

Christmas was not exclusively appropriated to pleasure-seekers and their ministers. Our ancestors were a drug-loving race, and they greatly esteemed the medicines compounded at holy seasons. The apothecary, therefore, was always very busy at Christmas. Then the rhinoceros-horn was powdered into an infallible antidote against poison; mummies were moulded into comfits to be swallowed by those who had met with contusions; and human grease was distilled for the relief of any afflicted with rheumatism. Then, too, as Van Helmont directs, the black goat, having his hind legs tied to his ears, was suspended by the horns from the ceiling of the laboratory and bled in the tail—the slow-falling drops being received in a glass and dried in a furnace as a remedy for pleurisy. And, especially, then was the human skull triturated for the use of the epileptic. But it was not every cranium that could thus be used. The druggists of the Middle Ages were fastidious on this point. No head was permitted to pass through their hands unless it had been bleached on the gibbet for a sufficient period—that is, until the muscular covering had been quite consumed and replaced by a green mould much resembling the moss on the bark of an old oak. Most of these heads, as Pomet tells us, came from Ireland—a country which

of old was chiefly known to foreigners as the seat of this ghastly traffic. These, and other repulsive medicines, were considered all the more efficient if the criminal had been executed during the Christmas holidays. Nor were such desiderata at all rare. Indeed, two or three hundred years ago a hanging or a heading ranked with a tournament in attraction, and no fête or festival was thought complete without several, of which we could give examples almost without end. The spectators gathered to these exhibitions to be excited and amused. Nor were they the only ones who regarded them as a species of comedy. In most instances the criminals entertained the same opinion, and took care to do due honour to their part as principal performers, and to give all satisfaction to the crowd by a bold and even facetious demeanour in the cart and on the scaffold.

Another Christmas amusement much in vogue in the good old times was seeing the devil. "You would not believe how many young gentlemen tease me to show them the fiend between Christmas and Twelfth Night"—said one of the many who professed to manage the exhibition—"and I always gratify them,—for a consideration. A quarter of a league hence there is a capacious souterrain" (probably the catacombs) "with numerous windings. When anybody wants to see the devil I lead him thither. But before I allow him to enter I make him do a few things. He has first to pay his fee, forty-five to fifty pistoles. I then make him swear never to reveal what he may see or hear. Afterwards cautioning him on peril of his life to abstain from mentioning any holy word or name I lead him into the cavern. At the threshold I pause to make sundry fumigations and to pronounce several incantations in choice gibberish. When this is over the curious fool and myself are sure to bear, far down in the darkness, the rattling of chains and the growling of big dogs, neither of them pleasant sounds, considering the hour and the place, and especially our purpose. I then question my employer if he has any fear, informing him, at the same time, that a failure of courage is certain to result in some fearful catastrophe. In most cases the reply is in the affirmative, and I lead my gentleman out of the cave, reprimand him severely on account of his impertinent curiosity, and—keep his money. If, however, he declares that he is not afraid—as a few do—I lead him slowly forward, muttering many frightful words as we go along. Having reached a certain spot I redouble my invocations and work myself up into quite

a fury. At the proper time six men dressed like fiends, whom I have previously concealed in the place, jump up from a hole, throw a shower of flaming rosin and fireworks round, and indulge in a satanic dance. By the light of these flames we perceive, close at hand, a monstrous goat fastened with chains, painted vermilion, as if they were red hot, and by his side two mastiffs similarly chained, and having their muzzles fast in wooden pipes shaped like speaking-trumpets. The men prick the animals, which caper and yell. And these yells, reverberating among the caverns, are so horrible, that, well as I know the cause, they often make my own hair stand on end. This goes on for ten minutes or so. Then the furies rush forward to torment my devil-seeker, pinching, kicking, and cuffing him, and thwacking him with sand-bags, until I am compelled to drag him out half dead. Then, the flames and fires having disappeared, and the horrible cries ceased, my employer gradually recovers his spirits. I take advantage of this to show him what a dangerous and useless curiosity it is to wish to see the devil, and entreat him to abandon it for the future. And this I assure you he never fails to do."

Christmas, like other festive seasons, but more than any other, was a favourite with conspirators. Where treachery existed it seldom failed to prefer the masquerades of Yule for its work. It was then that Chatel attempted the life of Henri Quatre; that the friends of Richard II. plotted to murder Bolingbroke; that Henry III., of France, struck down his arch-enemy Guise; that the Lollards mustered against Henry V.; that the Forest Cantons expelled the Austrians; that Cæsar Borgia trapped and slaughtered the Orsini; and that Fiesco exploded his renowned conspiracy. Christmas, too, was a chosen time with the old warriors for the surprise of towns. They calculated that the garrisons would then keep unusually careless watch, and, generally speaking, they were right; consequently, the mediæval annals teem with stories of ingenious and daring escalades, achieved in the midst of revelry by the Duguesclins, the Douglasses, and the Mannys. Most of these were very stirring affairs, and one or two rather singular. Prominent among the latter is this one, which occurred in the South of France, on New Year's eve, 1577. Villefranc and Montpazier were adjacent towns in Périgord. The inhabitants, like those of Dinant and Liège, and many other neighbours in the good old times, hated one another devoutly. How the feud arose was unknown, as was the time when, but

certainly it had not lost strength by the lapse of ages. In the religious wars Montpazier took one side and Villefranc, of course, took the other. There resulted much mutual insult, a good deal of robbing, a little murder, and occasionally, but not often, some fighting. At length, when warm with Christmas cheer, and ready for any mischief, the merry men of Villefranc, being thought of their neighbours at Montpazier, and took it into their heads to make them a very early New Year's call. Accordingly, sending their wives and children to bed, they set out about ten o'clock at night, on the 31st of January, and reached Montpazier in a couple of hours. Not a sentinel was to be seen: so they scaled the walls without being discovered. The place was profoundly quiet, and, strange to say, the visitors found nobody but non-combatants in it. There was no resistance, and therefore no slaughter, but there was plenty of mischief of other sorts. Towards day-break the plunderers left the town, with its women weeping and its children howling, and their own shoulders tolerably well laden. They marched home without accident through a dense New Year's fog; but when they entered Villefranc they verily believed that they had been travelling in a circle, and had got back again to Montpazier. The scene upon which they entered was precisely identical with the one they had left. Here, as there, the drawbridge was down, the gate wide open, and the place strewn with torn garments and broken furniture. They were soon, however, enlightened as to their whereabouts and the meaning of the confusion when their screaming children and exasperated dames rushed out, but not exactly to bless their triumphant return. It then appeared that the men of Montpazier had formed the same idea as themselves, and had realized it with as much success. The feelings of the heroes may be fancied. Seeing no particular advantage in this kind of warfare the rival towns made peace, restored the plunder, forgot the other injuries which about balanced one another, and determined to go no more a-roving so late on New Year's eve.

A vision rises before our mind's eye. Wavy and unsubstantial as a drifting cloud, it seems for a moment to assume consistence. It is the interior of a vast cathedral—above, dimly lighted and hung with dreamy banners; and below, thronged with splendid shadows: princes and ambassadors, cardinals and nobles, bishops and knights. The oceanic boom of the organ ceases. There is a pin-drop silence. A

stately phantom, crowned and robed by the altar, attracts all eyes. The scene takes life, the faces assume individuality — Gerson, Hallam, D'Ailly here — proud electors and prouder patriarchs there — and yonder Sigismund. We recognize the Council of Constance, and the German monarch exercising an old imperial right to read one of the lessons of the day. Then figures, banners, and pillars melt into a shapeless mist that disappears in the depths of the past. It is our last glimpse of Christmas in the days of old.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
APPLAUSE, CALLS, AND ENCORES.

"PLAYERS, after all," averred Hazlitt, "have little reason to complain of their hard-earned, short-lived popularity. One thunder of applause from pit, boxes, and gallery is equal to a whole immortality of posthumous fame." Nevertheless, the transitory nature of an actor's rewards has oftentimes stirred regret and commiseration. Shakspeare, as we all know, makes sympathetic mention of the poor player,

"That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

Garrick, in his prologue to the "Clandestine Marriage," states feelingly:—

"The painter dead, yet still he charms the eye,
While England lives his fame can never die;
But he who struts his hour upon the stage,
Can scarce extend his fame for half an age;
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save—
The art and artist share one common grave."

Cibber, in his "Apology," laments mellifluously, "that the momentary beauties flowing from an harmonious elocution cannot, like those of poetry, be their own record; that the animated graces of the actor can live no longer than the instant breath and motion that presents them; or, at least, can but faintly glimmer through the memory, or imperfect attestation of a few surviving spectators." And Hazlitt, himself, notwithstanding his dictum on the subject above set forth, has placed on record certain expressions of tenderness for the player's evanescent glory. "When an author dies it is no matter, for his works remain. When a great actor dies, there is a void produced in society, a gap which requires to be filled up. The literary amateur may find employment for his time in reading old authors only, and exhaust his entire spleen in scouting new ones; but the

lover of the stage cannot amuse himself in his solitary fastidiousness by sitting to witness a play got up by the departed ghosts of first-rate actors; or be contented with the perusal of a collection of old playbills; he may extol Garrick, but he must go to see Kean, and, in his own defence, must admire, or at least tolerate, what he sees, or stay away against his will." Hazlitt, it may be noted, was evidently writing under the impression that at no time would the stage be left without the support of players of the Garrick or the Kean class. If he had survived until our present years of grace, it would have become a question with him how far he could admire or tolerate the condition of the modern stage; he might even be driven to accept the alternative he himself suggests, and stay away from our theatres altogether, only *with* his will rather than against it, in common with a very considerable section of society.

An actor, in regard to the honours of his profession, considered apart from its commercial results, occupies the position of one who has invested his whole fortune in the purchase of an annuity terminating at his decease, and who has become entitled, therefore, to a larger income than accrues to the man able to lay up treasure, and to provide for and bequeath property to posterity. The player can be rewarded only by the applause afforded him during the continuance of his theatrical career, and it is right, therefore, that such applause should fully correspond with and be adequate to his merits. The thunders of the pit, boxes, and gallery, are evoked by his own efforts, are magnified and multitudinous echoes, as it were, of his individual speech; and when he "is heard no more," they, also, are silenced. Although it may be that

"In a theatre, the eyes of men
After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that follows next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious,"—

still, it is certain, no more plaudits will be forthcoming for the "well-graced," and in time the tedious prattler will be surely awarded his due share of recognition and favour. The retired actor can only console himself with the memory of his old by-gone triumphs, for certainly he can triumph no more. The shadow of an inevitable neglect falls upon him. A king has come to reign who does not know Joseph—who, indeed, has never had the chance of knowing him. A new public is delighted to honour new players. He suffers not so much from the world's fickleness,—though something might be urged, perhaps, on this

head—as from its sheer ignorance of his merits. What, then, can an old actor do but die? It is true that a portrait or two of him may remain extant, for the consideration of the curious. From this the younger students of theatrical history, if such students should arise, may gather, if they will, something of what manner of man he was. But of his own peculiar art they will never know anything. How he said *this*, how he did *that*, and how he looked the while, what can these ever be to *them*? His brief candle is quite burnt out, so far as they are concerned. For a while he may survive, just faintly flickering, as it were, in the waning recollections of an elderly and rapidly dwindling band of old playgoers, his contemporaries; and these worthy elders may indulge, now and then, for their own diversion and solace, and for the benefit of a somewhat fatigued and listless band of juvenile auditors, in rather garrulous, and perhaps not wholly accurate accounts of his merits and achievements; but when these tales are told, and the tellers of them are mute for ever—what remains? It will be much if his name abides for a brief term in men's minds, and to effect even *that* it will be necessary for some Old Mortality of the stage to be constantly renewing and deepening the inscription on his tombstone. The rest is indeed, death—the grave—silence and mere oblivion.

Let his audience thunder for him then, while they may, and may the thunder ever sound in his ears as harmoniously as possible. But though the plaudits of the public may be as noisy as thunder, as a rule they are also as short-lived. Calm soon succeeds the tempest; and apathy quickly follows enthusiasm. Still, they are the player's due; nor only his due, for indeed they are as necessary to him as the air he breathes. Applause is not only his recompense; it is also his sustenance. Instances have been known of an actor deliberately informing his audience that if they did not applaud he could not act his best for them. Henderson was wont to say that no actor could perform well unless he was systematically flattered both on and off the stage: an exaggeration, no doubt, which had yet its basis of truth. If an audience is in no humour to applaud, it will frequently result that the actor will find himself in no humour to act, while on the other hand, let the spectators show themselves quick to appreciate, and anxious to be entertained, and the player, though he may have been suffering in health and spirits, will promptly divest himself of his gloom, and become alert and zealous as ever. Mrs. Siddons declared

that the fatigue of acting her great parts was much enhanced in the provinces, from the inferior measure of applause that there greeted her efforts. At Drury Lane, her grand bursts of passion were invariably followed by prolonged applause and excitement, that gave her rest and breathing time. Tate Wilkinson describes the York audience as particularly lukewarm in recognizing the exertions of players. Woodward, the famous comedian, was so hurt at his reception in that city, that Wilkinson, as manager, felt himself under the necessity of calling on the chief patrons of the theatre, to inform them that the actor was chagrined at their coolness, and could not play nearly so well as in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh. The York playgoers took the hint, and on Woodward's next performance greatly delighted him with the enthusiasm of their applause. Liston found applause, of whatever kind, so necessary and grateful, that he said he liked to see even a small dog wag his tail in approbation of his proceedings.

The system of calling, or recalling, a favourite performer, which now appears to be established in our theatres, is of foreign origin, and was first instituted in London at the Italian Opera House. "It is the highest ambition of the opera-singers—like the Methodists—to have a *call*," says Parke, the oboe-player, in his "Musical Memoirs," published in 1830; and he describes the opera season of 1824, when Rossini was director and composer to the King's Theatre, and his wife, Madame Colbran Rossini, appeared as *prima donna seria*; Madame Pasta and Madame Catalani being also engaged for a limited number of nights. He relates, as something remarkable that at the fall of the curtain after the performance of Mayer's "Il Fanatico per la Musica," Madame Catalani "was called for, when she again presented herself, making her obeisance, amidst waving of handkerchiefs and tumultuous applause." Madame Pasta, after appearing as *Desdemona*, "also had a call when the curtain fell, and was brought back to receive the reward due to her distinguished talents." Two seasons later Mr. Parke says, in reference to Madame Pasta's performance of *Desdemona*:—"At the end of the opera, by desire of the audience, she came forward once more to receive that reward which is becoming so common that it will shortly cease to be a mark of distinction." And, two seasons after that, of her appearance in "Tancredi" he writes:—"She, as usual, delighted the audience; and was, as usual, enthusiastically applauded. After the curtain fell she was

called for, *as usual*, to go through the ceremony of being unmercifully applauded."

In the non-operatic theatres it is probable that calls first came in vogue when epilogues went out. Certainly there is not much to be said in favour of the system of delivering epilogues, except that, perhaps, in such wise, a sort of relief was given to the audience after the performance of some especially lugubrious tragedy, by demonstrating to them that the heroine they had lately seen the victim of the dagger or the bowl, expiring in great agonies in front of the footlights, was able to trip on the stage alive and well—indeed, one might almost say alive and kicking—smiling, arch, and graceful, to speak a score or so of pertly comic lines in deprecation of censure of the play and its players, in entreaty for its favourable reception, and in recommendation of "the bard," who had given it being. But the epilogue has vanished, and tragedy has gone after it, and players are now called before the curtain, not to assure those among the spectators who had been so wrought upon by the cunning of the scene as to entertain doubts whether the performers had really survived their simulated troubles and disasters, but simply to congratulate them on their success, and to express some sort of gratitude for their exertions. There is nothing to be urged against this method of applauding the players, when kept within reasonable bounds. Sometimes, it is to be feared, however, the least discreet of the audience indulge in calls rather for their own gratification—by way of pastime during the interval between one play and another—than out of any strict consideration of the abilities of the players; and, having called on one or two deserving members of a company, proceed to require the presence before the curtain of others who have done little to merit the compliment. Certain play-goers, indeed, appear to applaud no matter what, simply for the sake of applauding. They regard the theatre as a place to be noisy in, and for the vehement expression of their own restless natures. When they cannot greet a player with acclamations, they will clamorously deride a footman, or other servant of the theatre, who appears before the footlights with a broom, a watering-pot, a carpet, or other necessary of representation; or they will issue boisterous commands to the gentlemen of the orchestra to "strike up" and afford an interlude of music. To these of the audience it is almost painful that a theatre should be peaceful, or a stage vacant; rather than this should happen, they would prefer, if it could possibly be

contrived, and they were acquainted with his name, that the call-boy or the prompter should be called for and congratulated upon the valuable aid he had furnished to the performance.

Calls in the middle of an act, or interruptive of the illusion of a representation, are wholly reprehensible, and should be suppressed as strenuously as possible. It was with this view the managers of the Theatre Royal at Dresden recently forbade the performers to accept calls before the termination of an act, as "the practice interrupted the progress of the action on the stage," and respectfully requested the audience to abstain from such demands in future.

Writing in 1830, Mr. Parke describes the custom of encoring performers as a prerogative that had been exercised by the public for more than a century; and says, with some justice, that it originated more from self-love in the audience than from gratitude to those who had afforded them pleasure. He considered, however, that encoring had done service upon the whole, by exciting emulation, and stimulating singers to extraordinary exertion; and that though, in many instances, it destroyed the illusion of the scene, it had become so fixed that, in spite even of the burlesque of encoring *Lord Grizzle's* dying song in Fielding's "Tom Thumb," it continued to prevail as much as ever. He notes it as curious that, "in calling for a repetition, the audiences of the French and English theatres should each have selected a word forming no part of their respective languages—the former making use of the Latin word, *bis*; and the latter the French word, *encore*." Double encores, we gather from the same authority, first occurred in England, at the Opera House, during the season of 1808, when Madame Catalani was compelled to sing three times one of her songs in the comic opera, "*La Freschetta*." As none of the great singers, her predecessors—Mara, Banti, Grassini, and Billington—had ever received a similar compliment, this appeared extraordinary, until the fact oozed out that Catalani, as part of her engagement, had stipulated for the privilege of sending into the house fifty orders on each night of her performance. After this discovery double encores ceased for a time at the King's Theatre; but the system re-appeared at Covent Garden, by way of compliment to Braham, each time the great tenor sang the favourite polacca in the opera of "*The Cabinet*;" and subsequently like honours were paid to Sinclair upon his return from Italy. Until then, it would seem, Mr. Sinclair had been well

satisfied with one encore, and exceedingly anxious that smaller favour should, on no account, be withheld from him. When he played the part of *Don Carlos*, in the opera of "The Duenna," he was disappointed with the measure of applause bestowed upon his efforts, and complained that the obligato cadenza, — which Mr. Parke had time out of mind played on the oboe, in the symphony of the song, "Had I a heart for falsehood framed," — interfered with the effect of his singing, and that the applause which was obtained by the cadenza deprived him of his encore. Accordingly he requested that the cadenza might be suppressed. "Though I thought this a mean and silly application," says Mr. Parke, "I complied with it, and never interfered with his encores afterwards." It must be said for Sinclair, however, that encores had come to be regarded as tests of a singer's merits, and that a re-engagement at the theatre sometimes depended upon this demonstration of public approval. At Vauxhall Gardens, indeed, the manager — "who was not," says Mr. Parke, "a musical luminary" — formed his opinion of the capacities of his singers from the report of a person appointed to register the number of encores obtained by each during the season. The singers who had received the most encores were forthwith re-engaged for the next year. Upon the whole, however, the system was not found to be completely satisfactory. The inferior vocalists, stimulated by the fear of losing their engagements, took care to circulate orders judiciously among their friends, with instructions as to the songs that were to be particularly applauded; and it frequently resulted that the worst performers, if the most artful manœuvrers, were at the head of the poll at the end of the season, and re-engaged over the heads of superior artists, and greatly to the ultimate detriment of the concern. In reference to this system of obtaining encores, Mr. Parke cautiously observes: "Without presuming to insinuate that it was surreptitiously introduced into our English theatres, I may be permitted to observe, after forty years' experience in theatrical tactics, that it would not be difficult, through a judicious distribution of determined *forcers* in various parts of a theatre, with Herculean hands and stentorian voices, to achieve that enviable distinction." Possibly the reader, bearing in mind certain great successes and double and treble encores of our own time, may confirm, from his own experience, Mr. Parke's opinions and suggestions in this respect.

It was a rule of the theatre of the last

century that although the audience were at liberty to demand the presence of an actor upon the stage, particularly with a view of his giving an explanation of any matter in which he had offended them, this privilege did not extend to the case of any one connected with the theatre other than in a histrionic capacity. Thus, when in the year 1744 a serious riot occurred in Drury Lane Theatre, relative to the excessive charges made for admission to an old entertainment — it being understood that for new entertainments it was permissible to raise the prices — "the manager [Mr. Fleetwood] was called for by the audience in full cry; but, not being an actor, he pleaded his privilege of being exempted from appearing on the stage before them, and sent them word by one of the performers that he was ready to confer with any persons they should depute to meet him in his own room. A deputation, accordingly, went from the pit, and the house patiently waited their return."

At this time, no doubt, the actor laboured under certain social disadvantages; and the manager who did not act, however insignificant a person otherwise, was generally regarded as enjoying a more dignified position than that occupied by the most eminent of performers. In time, of course, the status of the actor improved, and he outgrew the supposititious degradation attaching to his exercise of his profession. We have lived to see composers, authors, and even scene-painters summoned before the footlights, nothing loth, apparently, to accept this public recognition of their merits. But these are innovations of quite recent date. In a reputable literary and critical journal,* of thirty-five years back, appears an account of the production at the English Opera House (now the Lyceum Theatre) of the opera of "Nourjahad," the work of the late Mr. E. J. Loder, of Bath, then described as the leader of the theatrical orchestra there, and the son and successor of Mr. Loder, whose talents as a musician had been long known in that city, and at the Philharmonic and other concerts. Much praise is awarded to the work, and then we find the following paragraph: —

"The silly practice of calling for a favourite actor at the end of a play was upon this occasion, for the first time, extended to a composer; and Mr. E. J. Loder was produced upon the stage to make his bow. As the chance portion of the audience could not possibly be aware that a gentleman so little known in London was present, it would have betrayed less of the secrets of

the prison house, if this bit of nonsense had not been preconceived by injudicious and over zealous friends. The turn of successful authors will, we suppose, come next; and, therefore, such of them as are not actors had better take a few lessons in bowing over the lamps and be ready. We know some half dozen whom this process would cause to shake in their shoes more vehemently than even the already accumulated anxieties of a first night."

The critic was, in some sort, a seer. The turn of the authors arrived in due course, some years since, although history has not been careful to record the name of the first English dramatist who appeared before the curtain and bowed "over the lamps." How far the accomplishment of this proceeding is attended by shaking in the shoes, is precluded by lessons in the art of deportment, or adds to the anxieties of a first representation, must be left for some successful playwright to reveal.

It may be noted that this calling for the author is also of foreign origin. The first dramatist called before the curtain in France was Voltaire, after the production of "Merope;" the second was Marmontel, after the representation of his tragedy of "Dionysius." More than a century ago the author of a "Letter to Mr. Garrick" observed that it was then usual in France for the audience of a new and well-approved tragedy to summon the author before them that he might personally receive the tribute of public approbation due to his talents. "Nothing like this," he writes, "ever happened in England." "And, I may say, never will," commented the author of a reply to the letter, with more confidence than correctness of prophecy. Further, he writes, "I know not how far a French audience may carry their complaisance, but, were I in the author's case, I should be unwilling to trust to the civility of an English pit or gallery. . . . Suppose that every play that is offered should be received, and suppose that some one of them should happen to be damned, might not an English audience on this occasion call for the author, not to partake of their applause, indeed, but to receive the tokens of their displeasure?" Fears in this respect have been proved groundless, however. When a play is condemned, the actors and the manager may suffer, and be subjected sometimes to very considerable affront; but the public wrath is not visibly inflicted upon the author. He is left to the punishment of his reflections and his disappointed hopes. Certainly he incurs no bodily risk from the incivility of the pit or gallery. But the old

violent method of condemning a play is nearly out of vogue. The offending work is now left to expire of inanition, as it were. Empty benches and a void treasury are found to be efficacious means of convincing a manager that he has failed in his endeavour to entertain the public.

For some time the successful author, yielding to the demand that he should appear personally before the audience, was content to "bow his acknowledgments" — for so the proceeding is generally described, from a private box. It was felt, however, that this was but a half measure. He could be seen by a portion of the audience only. From the private box to the stage was but a step, and the opinion prevailed that if he was to appear at all, he must manifest himself thoroughly, and allow the whole house a fair opportunity of viewing him. Still it should be understood that it is at the option of the dramatist to present himself publicly or to remain in private, and leave the audience to form such conjectures as may occur to them concerning the nature of his physical aspect. The public have no more real right to insist on the dramatic author's crossing the stage than to require that a successful poet, or novelist, or historian, shall remain on view at his publisher's for a specified time after the production of his latest work. It is necessary to insist on this, because a little scene that occurred a short time since in a London theatre shows some misapprehension on the subject in the minds of certain of the public. A successful play had been produced by a well-known writer, who was called for in the usual manner at the conclusion of the performance. The stage-manager explained the non-appearance of the author, — he was not in the house. Thereupon an angry gentleman stood up in the pit, and demanded "Why isn't he here? He was here during the performance, because I saw him." The stage-manager could only repeat that the dramatist was not then in the theatre. "But he never appears when he's called for," cried the complainant; and he proceeded to mention instances in support of his statement, the stage-manager being detained upon the stage some time during the progress of his argument. The sympathies of the house appeared to be altogether with the expostulant, and the notion that the author had any right to please himself in the matter failed to obtain countenance. Upon a subsequent occasion, indeed, the author in question — another of his works having been given to the stage — thought it prudent to comply with the public demand, and, though with evident reluctance, presented himself before

the footlights, to be inspected by his admirers and to receive their congratulations. He yielded to a tyranny he was quite justified in resisting. Other authors, though whether or not from unwillingness to appear can hardly be affirmed, have forborne to attend the first representation of their plays, and the audience have been compelled to be content with the announcement,—"Mr. — is absent from London." Sometimes particulars are supplied, and happy Mr. — is stated to be "probably, at that precise moment, enjoying his cigar upon the esplanade at Brighton," it being added, that "intelligence of the triumphant reception of his new play shall be forthwith despatched to him by means of the electric telegraph."

After the calling on of authors came the calling on of scene-painters. (Are we, with due regard for the existing state of the drama, to say, with Mr. Fechter in "The

Duke's Motto," "after the lacqueys, the masters"?) But of late, with the help of much salutary criticism on the subject, a disposition has arisen to check this very preposterous method of acknowledging the merits of a worthy class, who should be satisfied with learning from the wings or the back of the stage the admiration excited by their achievements, and to consider themselves in such wise as sufficiently rewarded. If they are to appear between their scenes and the public, why not also the costumiers and the gas-fitters, and the numberless other contributors to theatrical success and glory? Indeed, as a rule, the applause, calls, and encores of the theatre are honours to be conferred on singers and actors only, are their rightful and peculiar property, and should hardly be diverted from them or shared with others, upon any pretence whatever.

DUTTON COOK.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY. — Nov. 22. — The paper of the evening was by Mr. Ney Elias, on the course the great Yellow River of China had taken since breaking through its old banks some fifteen years ago, forsaking its bed, several hundred miles from its mouth, and pouring its waters in a northerly direction, seeking an outlet in the sea at a point separated by four degrees from its former mouth, leaving a dry bed two or three miles wide, which was now used as a high road. Scores of square miles of highly-cultivated country had been devastated, millions of people had lost their lives, and along the forsaken bed other districts were deprived of their fertility by the loss of the means of irrigation. No less than nine such changes were recorded in Chinese history: the first dating about 602 B.C., the positions of the various mouths ranging over the extent of coast between 34° and 39° N. lat. The author believed that the major part of the great alluvial plain of China had been formed by the rich deposit left by forsaken beds of this singular river. The author's companions were Mr. Hollingworth and two Chinese; they arrived on the 17th of October on the banks of the new Yellow River, near the town of Nan-Shan. The party embarked on the new river, and traced it down to its embouchure in the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. Nineteen miles downwards the wide-spread waters converge and flow into the narrower bed of a much smaller river, the Ta-tsing, which henceforward serves as its channel. The great volume and rapidity of the waters of the Yellow River are causing the narrow bed to widen, and with the undermined banks are swept away the streets of villages and cities, gardens and fields. Bridges which formerly spanned the Ta-tsing now remain as ruins in

mid-river. From various considerations the author concluded that the new course of this large river was not likely to be used by the larger trading junks, and that, in fact, its commercial value was very small. — In the discussion which followed Capt. Sherard Osborn, R. N. said that, uncontrollable as the Yellow River appeared to be, it was waiting only the hand of the European engineer to put a bound to its turbulence, and guide its superabundant forces into channels useful to man.

UNTIL a short time ago American works on fish and angling were nothing but reproductions of English publications. Indeed it was a British writer, Moses H. Perley, of New Brunswick, who first gave American angling writers the idea of attempting something new in that department of literature. Mr. Allerton has published in the States a work on "Brook Trout." The party of gentlemen, whose exploits are there narrated, spent the month of June in the wilds of Northern Maine, and captured, in one week, nearly five hundred pounds of river trout (the common trout of Yarrell), the largest of which weighed nine pounds. The two latest and best books on American angling, which preceded that of Mr. Allerton, were by G. C. Scott and Thaddeus Norris. They are full of information, and creditably illustrated; and while the former devotes special attention to a purely American fish called the Striped Bass or Rock Fish, the latter is the best American authority, in book form, on the art of salmon-fishing in the British provinces.

Athenæum.

PART III.

CHAPTER VIII.

"MISS CREDITON," said John Mitford, drawing a long breath, "you don't know what a very serious question that is; it has been my burden for half my life. I have never spoken of it to any one, and you have taken me a little by surprise. I'd like to tell you all about it, but—you would not care to hear."

"Indeed I should," said Kate, eagerly. "Oh, I do so hope you have not quite made up your mind. It would be such a sacrifice. Fanshawe Regis is very nice—but to be buried here all your life, and never to take part in anything, nor to have any way of rising in the world, or improving your position! If I were a man, I would rather be anything than a clergyman. It is like making a ghost of yourself at the beginning of your life."

"A ghost of myself?" said John.

"Yes—of course it just comes to that; other men will go on and on while you remain behind," cried Kate. "I could not bear it. That Fred Huntley, for example,—he is reading for the bar, I believe, and he is clever, and he will be Lord Chancellor, or something, while you are only Rector of Fanshawe Regis. That is what I could not bear."

John shook his head, softly bending over her more and more, with a gesture which was half pity. "That is not my feeling," he said. "I don't think you would care for that either if you looked into it more. Huntley has more brains than I have; he will always rise higher if he takes the trouble—but I don't care for that. The thing is—but, Miss Crediton, it would bore you to listen to such a long story; suppose we go in to my mother—she knows nothing about my vain thoughts, thank heaven!"

"Oh no, no," said Kate, clinging still closer to his arm; "tell me everything—I shall not be bored. That is, if you will—if you don't mind trusting me."

"Trusting you!" It was curious how much more impressive his voice was, coming out of the darkness. His awkwardness, his diffidence, everything that made him look commonplace in the daylight, had disappeared. Kate felt a little thrill, half of excitement, half of pride. Yes, he would trust her, though nobody else (he said) in all the world. It was not John that thus moved her; it was the sense of being the one selected and chosen one out of a hundred—one out of the world—which is the sweetest flattery which can be addressed to man or woman. She looked up to him,

though he could not see her, raising that face which John already felt was the sweetest in the world. And he bent over her, and her little hand trembled on his arm, and the darkness wrapped them round and round, so that they could not see each other's faces—the very moment and the very circumstances which make it sweet to confide and be confided in. It was not yet ten days since he had seen her first, and she had not as yet shown the least trace of a character likely to understand his, and yet he was ready to trust her with the deepest secrets of his heart.

"It is not that," said John. "I am sure you are not the one to bid a man forsake his duty that he might rise in the world. If I were as sure about everything I ought to believe as—as my father is, I should go into the Church joyfully to-morrow."

"Should you?" said Kate, feeling chilled in spite of herself.

"I should; and you would approve me for doing so, I know," he said, earnestly. "But don't think me worse than I am, Miss Crediton. I am not a sceptic nor an infidel, that you should draw away from me. Yes, you did, ever so little—but if it had only been a hair-breadth, I should have felt it. It is not so much that I doubt—but I can't feel sure of things. My father is sure of everything; that is the superiority of the older generations. They knew what they believed, and so they were ready to go to the stake for it—"

"Or send other people to the stake," said Kate. The conversation was getting so dreadfully serious that she turned it where she could to the side of laughter; but it was not possible in this case.

"Yes, I know," he said, softly, altogether ignoring her lighter tone; "the one thing implies the other. I acknowledge it does; we are such confused creatures. But as for me, I could neither die for my belief nor make any one else die. I don't feel sure. I say to myself, how do you know he is wrong and you are right? How do I know? But you see my father knows; and most of the old people in the village are just as certain as he. Is it because we are young, I wonder?" said John.

"Oh, don't speak like that—pray don't. Why should it be because we are young?"

"That I can't tell," said John, in the darkness. "It might be out of opposition perhaps, because they are so sure—so sure—cruelly sure, I often think. But when a man has to teach others, I suppose that is how he ought to be; and my very soul shrinks, Miss Crediton—"

"Yes?"

"You will not say anything to my mother? She has brought me up for it, and set her heart on it, and I would not fail her for the world."

"But, Mr. John," said Kate, "I don't understand; if you are not a — I mean, if you don't believe — the Bible — should you be a clergyman for any other reason? Indeed I don't understand."

"No," he said, vehemently; "you are right and I am wrong. I ought not, I know. But then I am not sure that I don't believe. I think I do. I believe man must be taught to serve God. I believe that He comforts them in their distress. You are too true, too straightforward, too innocent to know. I believe and I don't believe. But the thing is, how can I teach, how can I pronounce with authority, not being sure? — that is what stops me."

Kate stopped too, being perplexed. "I don't like the thought of your being a clergyman," she said, with what would have been, could he have seen it, a pleading look up into his face.

And then a long sigh came from John's breast. She heard that, but she did not know that he shook his head as well; and in her ignorance she went on.

"You would be so much better doing anything else. Of course, if you had had a very strong disposition for it — but when you have not. And you would do so very much better for yourself. If you were to give it up —"

"Give it up!" cried John; "the only work that is worth doing on earth!"

"But, good heavens! Mr. Mitford, what do you mean, for I don't understand you? If it is the only work worth doing on earth, why do you persuade people you don't mean to do it? I don't understand."

"Where is there any other work worth doing?" said John. "I don't want to be a soldier, which might mean something. Could I be a doctor, pretending to know how to cure people of their illnesses — or a lawyer, taking any side he is paid for? No, that is the only work worth doing: to devote one's whole life to the service of men — to save them, mend them, bring them from the devil to God. Where is there any such work? And yet I pause here on the threshold, all for a defect of nature. I know you are despising me in your heart."

"No, no," said Kate, quite bewildered. She did not despise him; on the contrary, it just gleamed across her mind that here was something she had no comprehension of — something she had never met with before. "Mr. John, it is you who will think

me very stupid. But I don't understand you," she said, with a certain humility. The answer he made was involuntary. He had no right to do it on such short acquaintance — a mere stranger, you might say. He pressed to his side with unconscious tenderness the hand that rested on his arm.

"You don't understand such pitiful weakness," he said. "You would see what was right and do it, without lingering and hesitating. I know you would. Don't be angry with me. We two are nearer each other than anybody else can be — are not we? We were very near for one moment, like one life; and we might have died so — together. That should make us very close — very close — friends."

"Oh, Mr. John."

"Don't cry. I should not have reminded you," he said, with sudden compunction. "I am so selfish; but you said you felt as if — I belonged to you. So I do — to be your servant — your — anything you please. And that is why I tell you all this weakness of mine, because it was just a chance that we did not die in a moment — together. Oh, hush, hush! I said it to rouse myself, and because it was so sweet. I forgot it must be terrible to you."

"I — I understand," said Kate, with a sob. "It makes us like — brother and sister. But I never can do anything like that for you. I can only help you with — a little sympathy; but you shall always have that — as if you were — my brother. Oh, never doubt it. I am glad you have told me — I shall know you better now."

"And here I have gone and made her cry like a selfish beast," said John. "Just one more walk round — and lean heavier on me, and I will not say another word to vex you — not one."

"I am not vexed," said Kate, with a soft little smile among her tears, which somehow diffused itself into the darkness, one could not tell how. He felt it warm him and brighten him, though he could not see it; and thus they made one silent round, pausing for a moment where the lilies stood up in that tall pillar, glimmering through the night and breathing out sweetness. John, whose heart was full of unspeakable things, came to a moment's pause before them, though he was faithful to his promise, and did not speak. Some angel seemed to be by, saying *Ave*, as in that scene which the old painters always adorn with the stately flower of Mary. John believed all the poets had said of women at that moment, in the sweetness of the summer dark. Hail, woman, full of grace! The whole air was full of angelic salutation. But it was he, the

man, who had the privilege of supporting her, of protecting her, of saving her in danger. Thus the young man raved, with his heart full. And Kate in the silence, leaning on his arm, dried her tears, and trembled with a strange mixture of courage and perplexity and emotion. And then she wondered what Mrs. Mitford would say.

Mrs. Mitford said nothing when the two came in by the open window, with eyes dazzled by the sudden entrance into the light. Kate's eyes were more dazzling than the lamp, if anybody had looked at them. The tears were dry, but they had left a humid radiance behind, and the fresh night air had ruffled the gold in her hair, and heightened the colour on her cheeks, which betrayed the commotion within. Mrs. Mitford made no special remark, except that she feared the tea was cold, and that she had just been about to ring to have it taken away. "You must have tired her wandering so long about the garden. You should not be thoughtless, John," said his mother; "and it is almost time for prayers."

"It was my fault," said Kate; "it was so pleasant out of doors, and quiet, and sweet. I am sorry we have kept you waiting. I did not know it was so late."

"Oh, my dear, I do not mind," said Mrs. Mitford, smothering a half-sigh; for, to be sure, she had been alone all the time while they were wandering among the lilies; and she was not used to it—yet. "But Dr. Mitford is very particular about the hour for prayers, and you must make haste, like a good child, with your tea. I never like to put him out."

"Oh, not for the world!" cried Kate; and she swallowed the cold tea very hurriedly, and went for Dr. Mitford's books, and arranged them on the table with her own hands; and then she came softly behind John's mother, and gave her a kiss, as light as a rose-leaf had blown against her cheek. She did not offer any explanation of this sudden caress, but seated herself close by Mrs. Mitford, and clasped her hands in her lap like a young lady in a picture of family devotion; and then Dr. Mitford's boots were heard to creak along the long passage which led from his study, and the bell was rung for prayers.

This conversation gave Kate a great deal to think about when she went up-stairs. John's appeal to her had gone honestly to her heart. She was touched by it in quite a different way from what she would have been had he been making love. "Yes, indeed, we do belong to each other—he saved my life," she said to herself; "we ought always to be like—brother—and

sister." When she said it, she felt in her heart of hearts that this did not quite state the case; but let it be, to save trouble. And then she tried to reflect upon the confession he had made to her. But that was more difficult. Kate was far better acquainted with ordinary life than John. She would have behaved like an accomplished woman of the world in an emergency which would have turned him at once into a heavy student or awkward country lad; but in other matters she was a baby beside him. She had never thought at all on the subjects which had occupied his mind for years. And she was thunderstruck by his hesitation. Could it be that people out of books really thought and felt so? Could it be? She was so perplexed that she could not draw herself out of the maze. She reflected with all her might upon what she ought to do and say to him; but could not by any means master his difficulty. He must either decide to be a clergyman or not to be a clergyman—that was the distinct issue; and if he could, by any sort of pressure put upon him, be made to give up the notion, that would be so much the better. Going into the Church because he had been brought up to it, and because his friends desired it, was a motive perfectly comprehensible to Kate. But then had not she, whatever might come of it, stolen into his confidence closer than any of his friends? and it was his own life he had to decide upon; and, in the course of nature, he must after a while detach himself from his father and mother, and live according to his own judgment, not by theirs. If she could move him (being, as he said, so close to him) to choose a manner of life which would be far better for him than the Church, would not that be exercising her influence in the most satisfactory way? As for the deeper question, it puzzled her so much, that after one or two efforts she gave it up. The progress of advanced opinions has been sufficiently great to render it impossible even for a fashionable young lady not to be aware of the existence of "doubts;" but what did he mean by turning round upon her in that incomprehensible way, and talking of "the only work worth doing," just after he had taken refuge in that sanctuary of uncertainty which every man, if he likes, has a right to shelter himself in? To have doubts was comprehensible, too; but to have doubts and yet to think a clergyman's work the only work worth doing! Kate's only refuge was to allow to herself that he was a strange, a very strange fellow; was he a little—cracked?—was he trying to bewilder her? "Anyhow, he is nice," Kate

said to herself; and that covered a multitude of sins.

Meanwhile John, poor fellow, went out after they had all gone up-stairs, and had a long walk by himself in the night, to tone himself down a little from the exaltation of the moment in which he had told her that he and she had almost died together. There was the strangest subtle sweetness to himself in the thought. To have actually died with her, and for her, seemed to him, in his foolishness, as if it would have been so sweet. And then he felt that he had opened his heart to her, and that she knew all his thoughts. He had told them to her in all their inconsistency, in all their confusion, and she had understood. So he thought. He went out in the fervour of his youth through the darkling paths, and brushed along the hedges, all crisp with dew, and said to himself that henceforth one creature at least in the world knew what he meant. His feelings were such as have not been rare in England for half a century back. He had been trained as it were, in the bosom of the Church, and natural filial reverence and use and wont, had blinded him to the very commonplace character of its labours as fulfilled by his father. His father was — his father; a privileged being, whose actions had not yet come within the range of things to be discussed. And the young man's mind was full of the vague enthusiasm and exaltation which belong to his age. Ideally, was not the work of a Christian priest the only work in the world? A life devoted to the help and salvation of one's fellow-creatures for here and for hereafter — no enterprise could be so noble, none so important. And must he relinquish that, because he felt it difficult to pronounce with authority, "without doubt he shall perish everlastingly"? Must he give up the only purely disinterested labour which man can perform for man — the art of winning souls, of ameliorating the earth, of cleansing its hidden corners, and brightening its melancholy face? No, he could not give it up; and yet, on the other hand, how could he utter certain words, how make certain confessions, how take up that for his faith which was not his faith? John's heart had been wrung in many a melancholy hour of musing with this struggle, which was so very different from Kate's conception of his difficulties. But now there stole into the conflict a certain sweetness — it was, that he was understood. Some one stood by him now, silently backing him, silently following him up — perhaps with a shy hand on his arm; perhaps — who could tell? — with a shy hand in his, ere long.

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It did not give him any help in resolving his grand problem, but it was astonishing how it sweetened it. He walked on and on, not knowing how far he went, with a strange sense that life was changed — that he was another man. It seemed as if new light must come to him after this sudden enhancement of life and vigour. Was it true that there were two now to struggle instead of one? John was not far enough gone to put such a question definitely in words to himself, but it lingered about the avenues of his mind, and sweet whispers of response seemed to breathe over him. Two, and not one! and he was understood, and his difficulties appreciated; and surely now the guiding light at last must come.

His mother heard him come in, as she lay awake thinking of him, and wondered why he should go out so late, and whether he had shut the door, and thanked heaven his father was fast asleep, and did not hear him; for Dr. Mitford would have become alarmed had he heard of such nocturnal walks — first, for John's morals, lest he should have found some unlawful attraction in the village; and, second, for the plate, if the house was known to be deprived of one of its defenders. His anxious mother, though she had thought of little else since his birth except John's ways and thoughts, had yet no inkling of anything deeper that might be in his mind. That he might love Kate, and that Kate might play with him as a cat plays with a mouse — encourage him for her own amusement while she stayed at Fanshawe Regis, and throw him off as soon as she left — that was Mrs. Mitford's only fear respecting him. It was so painful that it kept her from sleeping. She could not bear to think of any one so wounding, so misappreciating, her boy. If she but knew him as I know him, she would go down on her knees and thank God for such a man's love, she said to herself in the darkness, drying her soft eyes. But how was his mother — a witness whose impartiality nobody would believe in — to persuade the girl of this? And Mrs. Mitford was a true woman, and ranked a "disappointment" at a very high rate among the afflictions of men. And it was very, very grievous to her to think of this little coquette trifling with her son, and giving the poor boy a heartbreak. She was nearly tempted half-a-dozen times to get up and throw her dressing-gown about her, and make her way through the slumbering house, and through the ghostly moonlight which fell broadly in from the staircase-window upon the corridor, to Kate's room, to rouse her out of her sleep, and shake

her, and say, "Oh you careless, foolish, naughty little Kate! You will never get the chance of such another, if you break my boy's heart." It would have been very, very foolish of her had she done so; and yet that was the impulse in her mind. But it never occurred to Mrs. Mitford that when he took that long, silent, dreary walk, he might be thinking of something else of even more importance than Kate's acceptance or refusal. She had watched him all his life, day by day and hour by hour, and yet she had never realized such a possibility. So she lay thinking of him, and wondering when he would come back, and heard afar off the first faint touch of his foot on the path, and felt her heart beat with satisfaction, and hoped he would lock the door; but never dreamed that his long wandering out in the dark could have any motive or object except the first love which filled his heart with restlessness, and all a young man's passionate fears and hopes. Thank heaven! his father slept always as sound as a top, and could not hear.

Poor Mrs. Mitford! how bitter it would have been to her could she have realized that Kate was lying awake also, and heard him come in, and knew what he was thinking of better than his mother did! "Poor boy!" Kate murmured to herself, between asleep and awake, as she heard his step; "I must speak to him *seriously* to-morrow." There was a certain self-importance in the thought; for it is pleasant to be the depository of such confidences, and to know you have been chosen out of all the world to have the secret of a life confided to you. The difference was that Kate, after this little speech to herself, fell very fast asleep, and remembered very little of it when she woke in the morning. But Mrs. Mitford's mind was so full that she could neither give up the subject nor go to sleep. As for the Doctor, good man, he heard nothing and thought of nothing, and had never awakened to the fact that John was likely to bring any disturbance whatever into his life. Why should anything happen to him more than to other people? Dr. Mitford would have said; and even the love-story would not have excited him. Thus the son of the house stole in, in the darkness, with his candle in his hand, through the shut-up silent dwelling, passing softly by his mother's door not to wake her, with the fresh air still blowing in his face, and the whirl of feeling within, uncalmed even by fatigue and the exertion he had been making. And the two women waked and listened, opening their eyes in the dark that they might hear the better—

a very, very usual domestic scene; but the men who are thus watched and listened for are seldom such innocent men as John.

CHAPTER IX.

SOME time passed after this eventful evening before Kate had any opportunity of making the assault upon John's principles which she proposed to herself. There were some days of tranquil peaceful country life, spent in doing nothing particular—in little walks taken under the mother's eye—in an expedition to St. Biddulph's, the whole little party together, in which, though Dr. Mitford took the office of cicerone for Kate's benefit, there was more of John than of his father. This kind of intercourse which threw them continually together, yet never left them alone to undergo the temptation of saying too much, promoted the intimacy of the two young people in the most wonderful way. They were each other's natural companions, each other's most lively sympathizers. The father and the mother stood on a different altitude, were looked up to, respected perhaps, perhaps softly smiled at in the expression of their antiquated opinions; but the young man and the young woman were on the same level, and understood each other. As for poor John, he gave himself up absolutely to the spell. He had never been so long in the society of any young woman before; his imagination had not been frittered away by any preludes of fancy. He fell in love all at once, with all his heart and strength and mind. It was his first great emotion, and it took him not at the callow age, but when his mind (he thought) was matured, and his being had reached its full strength. He was in reality four-and-twenty, but he had felt fifty in the gravity of his thoughts; and, with all the force of his serious nature, he plunged into the extraordinary new life which opened like a garden of Paradise before him. It was all a blaze of light and splendour to his eyes. The world he had thought a sombre place enough before, full of painful demands upon his patience, his powers of self-renunciation, and capacity of self-control. But now all at once it had changed to Eden. And Kate, of whom he knew so little, was the cause.

And she, too, was falling under this natural fascination. She was very much interested in him, she said to herself. It was so sad to see such a man, so full of talent and capability, immolate himself like this. Kate felt as if she would have done a great deal to save him. She represented to herself that, if he had felt a special

vocation for the Church, she would have passed on her way and said nothing, as became a recent acquaintance; but when he was not happy! Was it not her duty, in gratitude to her preserver, to interfere according to her ability, and deliver him from temptation? Yes! she concluded it was her duty with a certain enthusiasm; and even, if that was necessary, that she would be willing to do something to save him. She would make an exertion in his behalf, if there was anything she could do. She did not, even to herself, explain what was the anything she could do to influence John one way or another. Such details it is perhaps better to leave in darkness. But she felt herself ready to exert herself in her turn—to make an effort—what, indeed, if it were a sacrifice?—to preserve him as he had preserved her.

It was only on what was to be the day before her departure that Kate found the necessary opportunity. About a mile from Fanshawe Regis was a river which had been John's joy all his life; and on Kate's last day, he was to be permitted the delight of introducing her to its pleasures. Mrs. Mitford was to have accompanied them, but she had slackened much in her ferocity of chaperonage, and had grown used to Kate, and not so much alarmed on her account. And it was a special day at the schools, and her work was more than usual. "My dear, if you wish it, of course I will go with you," she said to her young guest; "and you must not think me unkind to hesitate—but you are used to him now, and you will be quite safe with John. You don't mind going with John?"

"Oh, I don't mind it at all," said Kate, with a little blush, which would have excited John's mother wonderfully two days before. But custom is a great power, and she had got used to Kate. So Mrs. Mitford went to her parish work, and the two young people went out on their expedition. They had nearly a mile to walk across fields, and then through the grateful shade of a little wood. It was a pretty road, and from the moment at which they entered the wood, the common world disappeared from about the pair. They walked like a pair in romance, often silent, sometimes with a touch of soft embarrassment, in that silent world, full of the flutter of leaves and the flitting of birds, and the notes of, here and there, an inquiring thrush or dramatic black-bird. Boughs would crackle and swing suddenly about them, as if some fairy had suddenly swung herself within the leafy cover. Unseen creatures—rabbits or squirrels—would dart away under the brush-wood.

Arrows of sunshine came down upon the brown underground. The leaves waved green above and black in shadow, strewing the checkered path. They walked in an atmosphere of their own, in dreamland, fairyland, by the shores of old romance; the young man bending his head in that attitude of worship, which is the attitude of protection too, towards the lower, slighter, weaker creature, who raised her eyes to his with soft supremacy. It was hers to command and his to obey. She had no more doubt of the loyalty of her vassal than he had of her sweet superiority to every other created thing. And thus they went through the wood to the river,—two undeveloped lives approaching the critical point of their existence, and going up to it in a dream of happiness, without shadow or fear.

The river ran through the wood for about a mile; but as it is a law of English nature that no stream shall have the charm of woodland on both sides at once, the northern bank was a bit of meadowland, round which ran, at some distance, a belt of trees. Kate recovered a little from the spell of silence as she took into her hands the cords of the rudder, and looked on at her companion's struggle against the current. "It must be hard work," she said. "How is it you are so fond of taking trouble, you men? They say it ruins your health rowing in all those boat-races and things—all for the pleasure of beating the other colleges or the other university; and you kill yourselves for that! I should like to do it for something better worth, if it were me."

"But if you don't get the habit of the struggle, you will want training when you try for what is better worth," said John. "How one talks! I say *you*, as if by any chance you could want to struggle for anything. Pardon the profanity—I did not mean that."

"Why shouldn't I want to struggle?" said Kate, opening her eyes very wide. "I do, sometimes—that is, I don't like to be beaten; nobody does, I suppose. But hard work must be a great bore. I sit and look at my maid sometimes, and think, after all, how much superior she is to me. There she sits, stitching, stitching the whole day through, and it does not seem to do her any harm—whereas it would kill one of us. And then I order this superior being about—me, the most useless wretch! and she gets up from her work to do a hundred things for me which I could quite well do for myself. Life is very odd," said the young moralist, pulling the wrong string, and sending the boat high and dry upon a

visible bank of weeds and gravel. "Oh, Mr. John, I am sure I beg your pardon! What have I done?"

"Nothing of the least importance," said John; and while Kate sat dismayed and wondering, he had plunged into the sparkling shallow stream, and pushed the fairy vessel off into its necessary depth of water. "Only pardon me for jumping in in this wild way and sprinkling your dress," he said, as he took his seat and his oars again. Kate was silent for the moment. She gazed at him with her pretty eyes, and her lips apart, wondering at the water-god; from which it will be clear to the reader that Kate Crediton was unused to river navigation, and the ways of boating men.

"But you will catch your death of cold, and what will your mother say?" said Kate; and this danger filled her with such vivid feminine apprehensions, that it was some time before she could be consoled. And then the talk ran on about a multitude of things — about nothing in particular — while the one interlocutor steered wildly into all the difficulties possible, and the other toiled steadily against the current. It was a rapid, vehement little river, more like a Scotch or Welsh stream than a placid English one; and sometimes there were snags to be avoided, and sometimes shallows to be run upon, so that the voyage was not without excitement, with such a pilot at the helm.

But when John turned his little vessel, and it began to float down stream, the dreamy silence of the woodland walk began to steal over the two once more. "Ah! now the work is over," Kate said, with a little sigh; "yes, it is very nice to float — but then one feels as if one's own will had nothing to do with it. I begin to understand why the other is the best."

"I suppose they are both best," said John — which was not a very profound observation; and yet he sighed too. "And then it is so much easier in everything to go with the stream, and to do what you are expected to do."

"But is it right?" said Kate, with solemnity. "Ah! now I know what you are thinking about. I have so wanted to speak to you ever since that night. Don't you think that doing what you are expected to do would be *wrong*? I have thought so much about it——"

"Have you?" said John; and a delicious tear came to the foolish fellow's eye. "It was too good of you to think of me at all."

"Of course I could not help thinking of you," said Kate, "after what you said. Perhaps you will not think my advice of

much value; but I don't think — I really don't think you ought to do it. I feel that it would be wrong."

"There is no one in the world whose advice would be so much to me," cried foolish John. "My sight is clouded by — by self-interest, and habit, and a thousand things. I have never opened my heart to any one but you — and how I presumed to trouble you with it I can't tell," he went on, gazing at her with fond eyes, which Kate found it difficult to meet.

"Oh, that is natural enough. Don't you remember what you said?" she answered, softly; "what you did for me — and that moment when you said we might have died; — we should be like — brother and sister — all our lives."

"Not that," said John, with a little start; "but — Yes, I hold by my claim. I wish I had done something to deserve it, though. If I had known it was you ——"

"How could you possibly know it was me when you did not know there was such a person as me in the world?" said Kate. "Don't talk such nonsense, please."

"Yes; was it possible that there was once a time when I did not know there was you in the world? What a cold world it must have been! — how sombre and miserable!" cried the enthusiast. "I can't realize it now."

"Oh, please, what nonsense you do talk, to be sure!" cried Kate; and then she gave her pretty head a little shake to dissipate the blush and the faint mist of some emotion that had been stealing over her eyes, and took up the interrupted strain. "Now that you do know there is a me, you must pay attention to me. I have thought over it a great deal. You must not do it — indeed you must not. A man who is not quite certain, how can he teach others? It would be like me steering — now there! Oh, I am sure, I beg your pardon. Who was to know that nasty bank would turn up again?"

"Never mind," said John, when he had repeated the same little performance which had signalized their upward course; "that is nothing — except that it interrupted what you were saying. Tell me again what you have thought."

"But you never mean to be guided by me all the same," said Kate, incautiously, though she must have foreseen, if she had taken a moment to think, that such a remark would carry her subject too far.

"Ah! how can you say so — how can you think so?" cried John, crossing his oars across the boat, and leaning over them, with his eyes fixed upon her, "when you

must know I am guided by your every look. Don't be angry with me. It is so hard to look at you and not say all that is in my heart. If you would let me think that I might—identify myself altogether—I mean, do only what pleased you—I mean, think of you as caring a little——”

“I care a great deal,” said Kate, with sudden temerity, taking the words out of his mouth, “or why should I take the trouble to say so much about it? I consider that we are—brother and sister; and that gives me a sort of right to speak. Stay till I have done, Mr. John. Don't you think you could be of more use in the world, if you were in the world and not out of it? Now think! Looking at it in your way, no doubt, it is very fine to be a clergyman; but you can only talk to people and persuade them, you know, and don't have it in your power to do very much for them. Now look at a rich man like papa. He does not give his mind to that, you know. I am very sorry, but neither he nor I have had anybody to put it in our heads what we ought to do—but still he does some good in his way. If you were as rich as he is, how much you could do! You would be a good angel to the poor people. You could set right half of those dreadful things that Mrs. Mitford tells us of, even in the village. You could give the lads work, and keep them steady. You could build them proper cottages, and have them taught what they ought to know. Don't shake your head. I know you would be the people's good angel, if you were as rich as papa.”

Poor John's countenance had changed many times during this address. His intent gaze fell from her, and returned and fell again. A shade came over his face—he shook his head, not in contradiction of what she said so much as in despondency; and when he spoke, his voice had taken a chill, as it were, and lost all the musical thrill of imagination and passion that was in it. “Miss Crediton,” he said, mournfully, “you remind me of what I had forgotten—the great gulf that is between you and me. I had forgotten it, like an ass. I had been thinking of you not as a rich man's daughter, but as—— And I, a poor aimless fool, not able to make up my mind as to how I am to provide for my own life. Forgive me—you have brought me to myself.”

“Now I should like to know what that has to do with it,” cried Kate, with a little air of exasperation—exasperation more apparent than real. “I tell you I want you to be rich like papa, and you answer me that I remind you I am a rich man's daughter! Well, what of that? I want you to

be a rich man too. I can't help whose daughter I am. I did not choose my own papa—though I like him better than any other all the same. But I want you to be rich *too*, you understand; for many reasons.”

“For what reasons?” said John, lighting up again. She had drooped her head a little when she said these last words. A bright flush had flushed all over her. Could it be that she meant—— John was not vain, and yet the inference was so natural; he sat gazing at her for one long minute in a suggestive tremulous silence, and then he went faltering, blundering on. “I would be anything for your sake—that you know. I would be content to labour for you from morning to night. I would be a ploughman for your sake. To be a rich man is not so easy; but if you were to tell me to do it—for you—I would work my fingers to the bone; I would die, but I should do it—for you. Am I to be rich for you?”

“Oh, fancy! here we are already,” cried Kate, in a little tremor, feeling that she had gone too far, and he gone too far, and thinking with a little panic, half of horror, half of pleasure, of the walk that remained to be taken through the enchanted wood. “How fast the stream has carried us down! and yet I don't suppose it can have been very fast either, for the shadows are lengthening. We must make haste and get home.”

“But you have not answered me,” he said, still leaning across his oars with a look which she could not meet.

“Oh, never mind just now,” she cried; “let us land, please, and not drift farther down. You are paying no attention to where the boat is going. There! I knew an accident would happen,” cried Kate, with half-mischievous triumph, running the boat into the bank. She thought nothing now of his feet getting wet, as he stepped into the water again to bring it to the side that she might land. She even sprang out and ran on, telling him to follow her, while he had to wait to secure the boat, and warn the people at the forester's cottage that he had left it. Kate ran on into the wood, up the broad road gradually narrowing among the trees, where still the sunshine penetrated like arrows of gold, and the leaves danced double, leaf and shadow, and the birds carried on their ceaseless interluding, and the living creatures stirred. She ran on mischievously, with a little laugh at her companion left behind. But that mood did not long balance the influence of the place. Her steps slackened—her heart began to beat. All at once she twined her arms about a birch to support herself, and, leaning her head against it, cried a little in her

confusion and excitement. "Oh, what have I done? what shall I say to him?" Kate said to herself. Was she in love with John that she had brought him to this declaration of his sentiments? She did not know — she did not think she was — and yet she had done it with her eyes open. And in a few minutes he would be by her side insisting on an answer. "And what shall I say to him?" within herself cried Kate.

But when John came up breathless, she was going along the road very demurely without any signs of emotion, and glanced at him with the same look of friendly sovereignty, though her heart was quailing within her. He joined her, breathless with haste and excitement, and for a moment neither spoke. Then it was Kate who, in desperation, resumed the talk.

"You must tell me what you think another time," she said, with an air of royal calm. "Perhaps what I have said has not been very wise; but I meant it for good. I meant, you know, that the man of action can do most. I meant — But, please, let us get on quickly, for I am so afraid we shall be too late for dinner. Your father does not like to wait. And you can tell me what you think another time."

"What I think has very little to do with it," said John. "It should be what you think — what you ordain. For you I will do anything — everything. Good heavens, what a nuisance!" cried the young man.

At this exclamation Kate looked up, and saw, — was it Isaac's substitute — the ram caught in the thicket? — Fred Huntley riding quietly towards them, coming down under the trees, like another somebody in romance. "It is Mr. Huntley," said Kate, with a mental thanksgiving which she dared not have put into words. "It is like an old ballad. Here is the knight on the white horse appearing under the trees just when he is wanted — that is, just when you were beginning to tire of my society; and here am I, the errant damsel. What a nice picture it would make if Fred were only handsome, which he is not! But all the same, his horse is white."

"And I suppose I am the magician who is to be discomfited and put to flight," said John, with a grim attempt at a smile.

And here Kate's best qualities made her cruel. "You are — whatever you please," she said, turning upon him with the brightest sudden smile. She could not bear, poor fellow, that his feelings should be hurt, when she felt herself so relieved and easy in mind; and John, out of his despondency, went up to dazzling heights of confidence and hope. Fred, riding up, saw the smile,

and said to himself, "What! gone so far already?" with a curious sensation of pique. And yet he had no occasion to be piqued. He had never set up any pretensions to Kate's favour. He had foreseen how it would be when he last saw them together. It was something too ridiculous to feel as if he cared. Of course he did not care. But still there was a little pique in his rapid reflection as he came up to them. And they were all three a little embarrassed, which, on the whole, seemed uncalled for, considering the perfectly innocent and ordinary circumstances, which the boating-party immediately began with volubility to explain.

"We have been on the river," said Kate. "Mr. Mitford so kindly offered to take me before I went away. And we hoped to have Mrs. Mitford with us; but at the last moment she could not come."

I daresay not, indeed, Fred Huntley said in his heart; but he only looked politely indifferent, and made a little bow.

"Perhaps it was better she did not, for the boat is very small," said John, carrying on the explanation. Was it an apology they were making for themselves? And so all at once, notwithstanding Kate's romance about the knight on the white horse, all the enchantment disappeared from the fairy wood. Birds and rabbits and squirrels, creatures of natural history, pursued their common occupations about, without any fairy suggestions. It was only the afternoon sun that slanted among the trees, showing it was growing late, and not showers of golden arrows. The wood became as commonplace as a railroad, and Kate Crediton related to Fred Huntley how she was going home, and what was to happen, and how she hoped to meet his sisters at the Camelford ball.

Thus the crisis which John thought was to decide everything for him passed off in bathos and commonplace. He walked on beside the other two, who did all the talking, eating his heart. Had she been playing with him, making a joke of his sudden passion? But then she would give him a glance from time to time which spoke otherwise. "There is still an evening and a morning," John said to himself; and he stood like a churl at the Rectory gate, and suffered Huntley to ride on without the slightest hint of a possibility that he should stay to dinner. Such inhospitable behaviour was not common at Fanshawe Regis. But there are moments in which politeness, kindness, neighbourly charities, must all give way before a more potent feeling, and John Mitford had arrived at one of these.

And his heart was beating, his head throbbing, all his pulses going at the highest speed and out of tune—or, at least, that was his sensation. Kate disappeared while he stood at the gate, shutting it carefully upon Fred, and heaven knows what frightful interval might be before him ere he could resume the interrupted conversation, and demand the answer to which surely he had a right! John's mind was in such a whirl of confusion that he could not realize what he was about to do. If he could have thought it over calmly, and asked himself what right he had to woo a rich man's daughter, or even to dream of bringing her to his level, probably poor John would not only have stopped short, but he might have had resolution enough to turn back and leave his father's door, and put himself out of the reach of temptation till she was safe in her own father's keeping. He had strength enough and resolution enough to have made such a sacrifice, had there been any time to think; but sudden passion had swept him up like a whirlwind, and conquered all his faculties. He wanted to have an answer; an answer—nothing more. He wanted to know what she meant—why it was that she was so eager with him to bring his doubtfulness to a conclusion—why he was to do at once what he so hesitated and wondered if he should do. If he did, what would follow? There was a singing in his ears, and a buzzing in his brain. He could not think, nor pause to consider which was right. There was but one thing to do—to get his answer from her; to know what she meant. And then the Deluge or Paradise—one thing or the other—would come after that; but were it Paradise, or were it the Flood, John's anchors were pulled up, and the port was gone from him. All his old prospects and hopes and intentions had vanished. He could no more go back to the position in which he had stood when he first opened his heart to Kate than he could fly. His hesitation existed no longer; all that phase was over for him. Fanshawe Regis, and his parents' hopes, and the old placid existence to which he had been trained, all melted away into thin air. He was standing on the threshold of a new world, with an unknown wind blowing in his face, and an unknown career before him. If it might be that she was about to put her little hand in his, and go with him across the wilderness! But, anyhow, it was a wilderness that had to be traversed; not those quiet waters and green pastures which had been destined for him at home.

"How late you are, John!" his mother

said, meeting him on the stair. She was coming down dressed for dinner, with just a little cloud over the brightness of her eyes. "You must have stayed a long time on the river. Was that Kate that has just gone up-stairs?"

"Miss Crediton went on before me. I had to stop and speak to Huntley at the gate."

"You should have asked him to stay dinner," said Mrs. Mitford. "My dear, I am sure you have a headache. You should not have rowed so far, under that blazing sun. But make haste now. Your papa cannot bear to be kept waiting. I will tell Jervis to give you five minutes. And, oh, make haste, my dear boy."

"Of course I shall make haste," said John, striding past—as if ten minutes more or less could matter to anybody under the sun!

"It is for your papa, John," said Mrs. Mitford, half apologetic, half reproachful; and she went down to the drawing-room and surreptitiously moved the fingers of the clock to gain a little time for her boy. "Jervis, you need not be in such a hurry—there are still ten minutes," she said, arresting the man of all work who was called the butler at Fanshawe, as he put his hand on the dinner-bell to ring it; and she was having a little discussion with him over their respective watches, when the Doctor approached in his fresh tie. "The drawing-room clock is never wrong," said the deceitful woman. And no doubt that was why the trout was spoiled and the soup so cold. For Kate did not hurry with her toilette, whatever John might do; and being a little agitated and excited, her hair took one of those perverse fits peculiar to ladies' hair, and would not permit itself to be put up properly. Kate, too, was in a wonderful commotion of mind, as well as her lover. She was tingling all over with her adventure, and the hairbreadth escape she had made. But had she escaped? There was a long evening still before her, and it was premature to believe that the danger was over. When Kate went downstairs, she had more than one reason for being so very uncomfortable. Dr. Mitford was waiting for his dinner, and John was waiting for his answer; she could not tell what might happen to her before the evening was over, and she could scarcely speak with composure because of the frightened irregular beating of her heart.

CHAPTER X.

DINNER falling in a time of excitement like that which I have just described, with

its suggestions of perfect calm and regularity, the unbroken routine of life, has a very curious effect upon agitated minds. John Mitford felt as if some catastrophe must have happened to him as he sat alone at his side of the table, and looked across at Kate, who was a little troubled too, and reflected how long a time he must sit there eating and drinking, or pretending to eat and drink; obliged to keep at that distance from her—to address common conversation to her—to describe the boating, and the wood, and all that had happened, as if it had been the most ordinary expedition in the world. Kate was very kind to him in this respect, though perhaps he was too far gone to think it kind. She took upon herself the *frais* of the conversation. She told Mrs. Mitford quite fluently all about the boat and her bad steering, and all the accidents that had happened, and how John had jumped into the water. "I feel you will never forgive me if he has caught cold," Kate said, glibly, with even a mischievous look in her eye; "but I must tell. And I do hope you changed your stockings," she said, leaning across the table to him with a smile. It was a mocking smile, full of mischief, and yet there was in it a certain softened look. It was then that poor John felt as if some explosion must take place, as he sat and restrained himself, and tried to look like a man interested in his dinner. Nobody else took any notice of his agitation, and probably even his mother did not perceive it; but Jervis the butler did, as he stood by his side, and helped Mr. John to potatoes. He could not dissimulate the shaking of his hand.

"My dear, I should never blame *you*," said Mrs. Mitford, with a little tremor in her voice; "he is always so very rash. Of course you changed, John?"

"Oh, of course," he said, with a laugh, which sounded cynical and Byronic to his audience. And then he made a violent effort to master himself. "Miss Crediton thought the river was rather pretty," he added, with a hard-drawn breath of agitation, which sounded to his mother like the first appearance of the threatened cold.

"Jervis," she said, mildly, "will you be good enough to fetch me the camphor from my cupboard, and two lumps of sugar? My dear boy, it is not nasty; it is only as a precaution. It will not interfere with your dinner, and it is sure to stop a cold."

John gave his mother a look under which she trembled. It said as plain as possible, you are making me ridiculous, and it was pointed by a glance at Kate, who certainly was smiling. Mrs. Mitford was quick

enough to understand, and she was cowed by her son's gravity. "Perhaps, on second thought," she said, faltering, "you need not mind, Jervis. It will do when Mr. John goes to bed."

"The only use of camphor is at the moment when you take a cold," said Dr. Mitford; "identify that moment, and take your dose, and you are safe. But I have always found that the great difficulty was to identify the moment. Did you point out to Miss Crediton the curious effect the current has had upon the rocks? I am not geological myself, but still it is very interesting. The constant friction of the water has laid bare a most remarkable stratification. Ah! I see he did not point it out, from your look."

"Indeed I don't think Mr. John showed me anything that was instructive," said Kate, with a demure glance at him. At present she was having it all her own way.

"Ah! youth, youth," said Dr. Mitford, shaking his head. "He was much more likely to tell you about his boating exploits, I fear. If you really wish to understand the history and structure of the district, you must take me with you, Miss Crediton. Young men are so foolish as to think these things slow."

"But then I am going away to-morrow," said Kate, with a little pathetic inflection of her voice. "And perhaps Mrs. Mitford will never ask me to come back again. And I shall have to give up the hope of knowing the district. But anybody that steers so badly as I do,"—Kate continued, with humility, "it is not to be wondered at if the gentleman who is rowing them should think they were too ignorant to learn."

"Then the gentleman who was rowing you was a stupid fellow," said the Doctor. "I never had a more intelligent listener in my life; but, my dear young lady, you must come back when the Society is here. Their meeting is at Camelford, and they must make an excursion to the Camp."

"And you will come and stay with us, Dr. Mitford," said Kate, coaxingly; "now, promise. It will be something to look forward to. You shall have the room next the library, that papa always keeps for his learned friends, he says. And if Mrs. Mitford would be good, and let the parish take care of itself, and come too——"

"Oh hush! my dear; we must not look forward so far," said Mrs. Mitford, with a little cloud upon her face. She had found out by this time that John was in trouble, and she had no heart to enter into any discussion till she knew what it was. And then she opened out suddenly into a long account

of the Fanshawe family, *apropos de rien*. Mrs. Fanshawe had been calling that afternoon, and they had heard from their granddaughter, Cicely, who was abroad for her health — for all that family was unfortunately very delicate. And poor Cicely would have to spend the winter at Nice, the doctor said. Kate bent her head over her plate, and ate her grapes (the very first of the season, which Mr. Crediton's gardener had forced for his young mistress, and sent to Fanshawe Regis to aid her cure), and listened without paying much attention to the story of Cicely Fanshawe's troubles. Nobody else took any further part in the conversation after Mrs. Mitford had commenced that monologue, except indeed the Doctor, who now and then would ask a question. As for the two young people, they sat on either side of the table, and tried to look as if nothing had happened. And Kate, for one, succeeded very well in this laudable effort — so well that poor John, in his excitement and agitation, sank to the depths of despair as he twisted one of the great vine-leaves in his fingers, and watched her furtively through all the windings of his mother's story. He said to himself, it is nothing to her. Her mind is quite unmoved by anything that has happened. She could not have understood him, John felt — she could not have believed him. She must have thought he was saying words which he did not mean. Perhaps that was the way among the frivolous beings to whom she was accustomed; but it was not the way with John. While the mother was giving that account of the young Fanshawes, and the father interposing his questions about Cicely's health, their son was working himself up into a fever of determination. He eyed Kate at the other side of the table, with a certain rage of resolution mingled with his love. She should not escape him like this. She should answer him one way or another. He could bear anything or every thing from her except this silence; but that he would not bear. She should tell him face to face. He might have lost the very essence and joy of life, but still he should know downright that he had lost it. This passion was growing in him while the quiet slumberous time crept on, and all was told about Cicely Fanshawe. Poor Cicely! just Kate's age, and sent to Nice to die; but that thought never occurred to the vehement young lover, nor did it occur to Kate, as she sat and ate her grapes, and gave little glances across the table, and divined that he was rising to a white heat. "I must run off to my own room, and say it is to do my packing," Kate said to herself, with a little quake in her heart; and

yet she would rather have liked — behind a curtain or door, out of harm's way — to have heard him say what he had to say.

Mrs. Mitford was later than usual of leaving the table, and she took Kate by the arm, being determined apparently to *contrarier* everybody on this special evening, and made her sit down on the sofa by her in the drawing-room. "My dear, I must have you to myself for a little while to-night," she said, drawing the girl's hands into her own. And then she sat and talked. It seemed to Kate that she talked of everything in heaven and earth; but the old singing had come back to the listener's ears, and she could not pay attention, "Now he is coming," she said to herself; "now I shall be obliged to sit still all the evening; now I shall never be able to escape from him." By-and-by, however, Kate began to feel piqued that John should show so little eagerness to follow her. "Yes, indeed, dear Mrs. Mitford, you may be sure I shall always remember your kindness," she said aloud. But in her heart she was saying in the same breath, "Oh, very well; if he does not care I am sure I do not care. I am only too glad to be let off so easy;" which was true, and yet quite the reverse of true.

But then Kate did not see the watcher outside the window in the darkness, who saw all that was going on, and bided his time, though he trembled with impatience and excitement. Not knowing he was there, she came to have a very disdainful feeling about him as the moments passed on. To ask such a question as that, and never to insist on an answer! Well, he might be very nice; but what should she do with a man that took so little pains to secure his object. Or was it his object at all? He might be cleverer than she had taken him for; he might be playing with her, as she had intended to play with him. Indignant with these thoughts, she rose up when Mrs. Mitford's last words came to a conclusion, and detached herself, not without a slight coldness, from that kind embrace. "I must go and see to my things, please," she said, raising her head like a young queen. "But, my dear, there is Parsons," said Mrs. Mitford. "Oh, but I must see after everything myself," replied Kate, and went away, not in haste, as making her escape, but with a certain stateliness of despite. She walked out of the room quite leisurely, feeling it beneath her dignity to fly from an adversary that showed no signs of pursuing; and even turned round at the door to say something with a boldness which looked almost like bravado.

He will come now, no doubt, and find me gone, and I hope he will enjoy the *tête-à-tête* with his mother, she mused, with a certain ferocity; and so went carelessly out, with all the haughtiness of pique, and walked almost into John Mitford's arms!

He seized her hand before she knew what had happened, and drew it through his arm, first throwing a shawl round her, which he had picked up somewhere, and which, suddenly curling round her like a lasso, was Kate's first indication of what had befallen her. "I have been watching you till I am half wild," he whispered in her ear. "Oh come with me to the garden, and say three words to me. I have no other chance for to-night."

"Oh, please, let me go. I must see to my packing — indeed I must," cried Kate, so startled and moved by the suddenness of the attack, and by his evident excitement, that she could scarcely keep from tears.

"Not now," said John, in her ear — "not now. I must have my answer. You cannot be so cruel as to go now. Only half an hour — only ten minutes — Kate!"

"Hush! oh hush!" she cried, feeling herself conquered; and ere she knew, the night air was blowing in her face, and the dark sky, with its faint little summer stars, was shining over her, and John Mitford, holding her close, with her hand on his arm, was bending over her, a dark shadow. She could not read in his face all the passion that possessed him, but she felt it, and it made her tremble, woman of the world as she was.

"Kate," he said, "I cannot go searching for words now. I think I will go mad if you don't speak to me. Tell me what I am to hope for. Give me my answer. I cannot bear any more."

His voice was hoarse; he held her hand fast on his arm, not caressing, but compelling. He was driven out of all patience; and for the first time in her life Kate's spirit was cowed, and her wit failed to the command of the situation.

"Let me go!" she said; "oh, do let me go! you frighten me, Mr. John."

"Don't call me Mr. John. I am your slave, if you like; I will be anything you please. You said just now we belonged to each other; so we do. No, I can't be generous; it is not the moment to be generous. I have a claim upon you — don't call me Mr. John."

"Then what shall I call you?" Kate said, with a little hysterical giggle. And all at once, at that most inappropriate moment, there flashed across her mind the first name

she had recognized his identity by. *My John* — was that the alternative? She shrank a little and trembled, and did not know whether she should laugh or cry. Should she call him that just as an experiment, to see how he would take it? — or what else could she do to escape from him out of this dark place, all full of dew, and odours, and silence, into the light and the safety of her own room? And yet all this time she made no attempt to withdraw her hand from his arm. She wanted something to lean on at such a crisis, and he was very handy for leaning on — tall, and strong, and sturdy, and affording a very adequate support. "Oh, do let me go!" she burst out all at once. "It was only for your own good I spoke to you; I did not mean — this. Why should you do things for me? I don't want — to make any change. I should like to have you always just as we have been — friends. Don't say any more just yet — listen. I like you very much for a friend. You said yourself we were like brother and sister. Oh, why should you vex me and bother me, and want to be anything different?" said Kate, in her confusion, suddenly beginning to cry without any warning. But next moment, without knowing how it was, she became aware that she was crying very comfortably on John's shoulder. Her crying was more than he could bear. He took her into his arms to console her without any *arrière pensée*. "Oh, my darling, I am not worth it," he said, stooping over her. "Is it for me — that would never let the wind blow on you? Kate! I will not trouble you any more." And with that, before he was aware, in his compunction and sympathy, his lips somehow found themselves close to her cheek. It was all to keep her from crying — to show how sorry he was for having grieved her. His heart yearned over the soft tender creature. What did it matter what he suffered, who was only a man? But that Kate should cry! — and that it should be his fault! He felt in his simplicity that he was giving her up forever, and his big heart almost broke, as he bent down trembling, and encountered that soft warm velvet cheek.

How it happened I cannot tell. He did not mean it, and she did not mean it. But certainly Kate committed herself hopelessly by crying there quite comfortably on his shoulder, and suffering herself to be kissed without so much as a protest. He was so frightened by his own temerity, and so surprised at it, that even had she vindicated her dignity after the first moment, and burst indignant from his arms, John would have

begged her pardon with abject misery, and there would have been an end of him. But somehow Kate was bewildered, and let that moment pass; and after the surprise and shock which his own unprecedented audacity wrought in him, John grew bolder, as was natural. She was not angry; she endured it without protest. Was it possible that in her trouble she was unconscious of it? And involuntarily John came to see that boldness was now his only policy, and that it must not be possible for her to ignore the facts of the case. That was all simple enough. But as for Kate, I am utterly unable to explain her conduct. Even when she came to herself, all she did was to put up her hands to her face, and to murmur piteously, humbly, "Don't! oh, please, don't!" And why shouldn't he, when that was all the resistance she made?

After this, the young man being partly delirious, as might have been expected, it was Kate who had to come to the front of affairs and take the lead. "Do, please, be rational now," she said, shaking herself free all in a moment. "And give me your arm, you foolish John, and let us take a turn round the garden. Oh, what would your mother say if she knew how ridiculous you have been making yourself? Tell me quietly what it is you want now," she added, in her most coaxing tone, looking up into his face.

Upon which the bewildered fellow poured forth a flood of ascriptions of praise and pæans of victory, and compared Kate, who knew she was no angel, to all the deities and excellences ever known to man. She listened to it all patiently, and then shook her head with gentle half-maternal tolerance.

"Well," she said, "let us take all that for granted, you know. Of course I am everything that is nice. If you did not think so you would be a savage; but, John, please don't be foolish. Tell me properly. I have gone and given in to you when I did not mean to. And now, what do you want?"

"I want you," he said; "have you any doubt about that? And, except for your sake, I don't care for anything else in the world."

"Oh, but I care for a great many things," said Kate. "And, John," she went on, joining both her hands on his arm, and leaning her head lightly against it in her caressing way, "first of all, you have accepted my conditions, you know, and taken my advice?"

"Yes, my darling," said John; and then somehow his eye was caught by the lights in the windows so close at hand, the one in the library, the other in the drawing-room,

where sat his parents, who had the fullest confidence in him; and he gave a slight start and sigh, in spite of himself.

"Perhaps, you repent your bargain already," said impetuous Kate, being instantly conscious of both start and sigh, and of the feeling which had produced them.

"Ah! how can you speak to me so," he said, "when you know if it was life I had to pay for it I would do it joyfully? No; even if I had never seen you I could not have done what they wanted me. That is the truth. And now I have you, my sweetest —"

"Hush," she said, softly, "we have not come to that yet. There is a great deal, such a great deal, to think about; and there is papa —"

"And I have so little to offer," said John; "it is only now I feel how little. Ah! how five minutes change everything! It never came into my mind that I had nothing to offer you — I was so full of yourself. But now! — you who should have kingdoms laid at your feet — what right had a penniless fellow like me —"

"If you regret you can always go back," said Kate, promptly; "though, you know, it is a kind of insinuation against me, as if I had consented far too easy. And, to tell the truth, I never did consent."

Here poor John clutched at her hand, which seemed to be sliding from his arm, and held it fast without a word.

"No, I never did consent," said Kate. "It was exactly like the savages that knock a poor girl down, and then carry her off. You never asked me even — you took me. Well, but then the thing to be drawn from that, is not any nonsense about giving up. If you will promise to be good, and do everything I tell you, and let me manage with papa —"

"But it is my business to let him know," said John. "No, my darling — not even for you. I could not skulk, nor do anything underhand. I must tell *him*, and I must tell them —"

"Then you will have your way, and we shall come to grief," said Kate; "as if I did not know papa best. And then — I am not half nor quarter so good as you; but in some things I am cleverer than you, John."

"In everything, dear," he said, with one of those ecstatic smiles peculiar to his state of folly, though in the darkness Kate did not get the benefit of it. "I never have, never will compare myself to my darling. It is all your goodness letting me — all your sweetness and humility and —"

"Please don't," said Kate, "please stop — please don't talk such nonsense. Oh, I

hope I shall never behave so badly that you will be forced to find me out. But now about papa. It must be me to tell him; you may come in afterwards, if you like. I know what I shall do. I will drive the phaeton to the station to meet him. I *will* be the one to tell him first. John, I know what I am talking of, and I must have my own way."

"Are you out there, John, in the dark? and who have you got with you?" said Mrs. Mitford's voice suddenly in their ears. It made them jump apart as if it had been the voice of a ghost. And Kate, panting, blazing with blushes in the darkness, feeling as if she never could face those soft eyes again, recoiled back into the lilies, and felt the great white paradise of dew and sweetness take her in, and busk her round with a garland of odour. Oh, what was she to do? Could *he* do anything? would he be equal to the emergency? Thus it will be seen that, though she was very fond of him, she had not yet the most perfect confidence in the reliability of her John.

"Yes, mother, I am here," said John, with a mellow fullness in his voice which Kate could not understand, so different was it from his usual tone, "and I have Kate with me — my Kate — your Kate; or at least, there she is among the lilies. She ought to be in your arms first, after mine."

"After yours!" His mother gave a little scream. And Kate held up her head among the flowers, blushing, yet satisfied. It was shocking of him to tell; but yet it settled the question. She stood irresolute for a moment, breathing quick with excitement, and then she made a little run into Mrs. Mitford's arms. "He has made me be engaged to him whether I will or not," she said, half crying on her friend's shoulder. "He has *made* me. Won't you love me too?"

"O Kate!" was all the mother could say. "O my boy! what have you done? — what have you done? John, her father is ten times as rich as we are. He will say we have abused his trust. Oh! what shall I do?"

"Abused his trust indeed!" said Kate.

"John, you are not to say a word; she does not understand. Why, it was I who did it all! I gave him no peace. I kept talking to him of things I had no business with; and he is only a man — indeed he is only a boy. Mamma, won't you kiss me, please?" said Kate, all at once sinking into the meekest of tones; upon which Mrs. Mitford, quite overcome, and wanting to kiss her son first, and with a hundred questions in her mind to pour out upon him, yet submitted, and put her arm round the stranger who was clinging to her and kissed Kate — but not with her heart. She had kissed her a great deal more tenderly only yesterday, just to say good-night; and then the three stood silent in the darkness, and the scene took another shape, and John's beatitude was past. The moment the mother joined them another world came in. The enchanted world, which held only two figures, opened up and disappeared like a scene at a theatre; and lo! there appeared all round a mass of other people to whom John's passion was a matter of indifference or a thing to be disapproved. Suddenly the young pair felt themselves standing not only before John's anxious mother, but before Mr. Crediton, gloomy and wretched; before Dr. Mitford, angry and mortified; before the whole neighbourhood, who would judge them without much consideration of mercy. John's reflections at this moment were harder to support than those of Kate, for he had the sense of giving up for her sake the vocation he had been trained to, and the awful necessity of declaring his resolution to his father and mother before him. Whereas the worst that could be said of Kate was that she was a little flirt, and had turned John Mitford's head — and she had heard as much before. But notwithstanding, they were both strangely sobered all in a moment as they stood there, fallen out of their fairy sphere, by Mrs. Mitford's side.

"My dears, I must hear all about this after," she said, with a kind of tremulous solemnity, "but in the mean time you must come in to tea. Whatever we do, we must not be late for prayers."

NATURE announces that the three annual medals of the Royal Society have been awarded thus: The Copley medal goes to M. Regnault, one of the first among the many living French physicists and chemists; one of the Royal medals have been conferred on Dr. Matthiessen, distin-

guished for his chemical and physical researches; while Sir Thomas Maclear, the Cape astronomer, with whose valuable contributions to science all are doubtless familiar, carries off the other. The medals will be presented on the 30th instant, at the meeting of the society.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MR. FROUDE AND QUEEN MARY.*

It is not our intention at the present moment to enter upon any discussion of the great work which Mr. Froude has just completed. There can be no doubt, whether we agree with his conclusions or not, that he has spared no pains to give the fullest picture possible of one of the most important eras of modern history. He has thrown himself into the time, with all its unlikeness to our own, and, so far as that is possible to a man trained in the modern school of thought, has laboured to judge it by its own standards, and to set before us, unbiassed by consciousness of the results, a clear view of its tendencies, and the elements of a new national existence which had there their origin. It is only in one case that he can be accused of sacrificing anything to dramatic effect, and even here his sin is one which concerns not fact but feeling. The picture which Mr. Froude has undertaken to paint is one which is very distinct, and, we might say, unique in history. His subject has all the importance of a grand national crisis, in which the strongest influences which affect humanity were struggling for the mastery. It was an age of great men, of quickened thought, and expanded intelligence. The splendour and picturesqueness of the past still remained as a back-ground to all the new impulses of modern life, to the keen curiosity and eagerness of the adventurer, the widened enterprise of the merchant, and the widened world, free, as it had never been before, to all manner of research and excursion of the thinker. And in front of this great glowing gorgeous canvas, the whole foreground is taken up with the figures of two women — representatives, as it were, of the two halves of the world, who tore that world asunder in their day, and kept all Europe astir with their deadly conflict, and who have handed down to us the same unending struggle, and stand opposed at the present moment, two haughty shades, with a hundred unsolved questions between them, exciting men's passions and disturbing their judgment, though it is nearly three hundred years since one of them died proudly in the height of her life and genius, and the other in the desolation of royalty and old age. In presence of Elizabeth of England and Mary of Scotland it is scarcely possible for any historian to be impartial. His candour of mind must be infinite, and his power of sympathetic imagination intense, could he

enter into all the details of their protracted duel without placing himself on one side or the other. And we should not have found fault with Mr. Froude if he had yielded to this all but infallible temptation, and boldly taken up Elizabeth's standard. The hosts on the other side are numerous enough and ardent enough to maintain their own against any new champion. Mr. Froude's attitude, however, is not that of a champion. He professes an impartiality above all bias, and he acknowledges the faults of his favourite with what he probably believes to be the fullest candour. But let any one compare the narrative of Elizabeth's duplicities, which were duplicities carried on in the full security of her throne, and in possession of an independence such as few monarchs have ever realized; and the contemptuous tale of Mary's trickeries, of her acting and histrionic powers at the supreme moment of her life, when human charity is slow to doubt the truthfulness of the coarsest criminal, — and it will be seen how little confidence is to be placed in the impartiality of the historian. In the one case Mr. Froude regretfully admits the unveracity of his Queen, which, however, he is able to contemplate, with a certain philosophical calmness, rather as an unfortunate feature in her character for which she was scarcely to blame, than as a fault for which she was responsible; while in the other, his insinuated sneer intrudes into the very presence of death itself. He grins horribly a ghastly smile when the axe falls upon Mary's neck, and feels himself still at liberty to jeer when the dead face which had won so many hearts is held up, awful in the first distortion of slaughter. Mary at that moment had ceased to have any power to trouble Elizabeth; she had passed away and become as Helen, as Cleopatra, as all the other fair women who have disturbed the world, and yet been wept by it as its saints are seldom wept. This is something worse than partiality, almost worse than injustice. It is a sin not only against the conventional quality called good taste, but against the last rights of humanity. It is a sentiment which would fill us with horror and disgust were it manifested by any penny-a-liner at the present day in respect to the last moments of any ruffian of St. Giles's. If one of our graphic friends of the "Daily Telegraph" were to comment upon the staggish exit of a modern murderer — on his careful get-up, his sustained effort after sensation, the histrionic pose which he preserved under the very hands of Calcraft — what would Mr. Froude think of the narrator? Yet Mr. Froude does not hesitate to treat with a contempt

* "History of England — Reign of Elizabeth." By James Anthony Froude, M.A.

which, coming from him, is not contemptible, the death of one of the greatest personages of her time, a woman of unquestionable genius and amazing force of character, whose history, position, and influence had as great an effect upon her age as that of any of her most distinguished contemporaries, and whose memory still retains the allegiance of an almost unanimous nation, and of enthusiastic partisans over all the world. Surely there is something more than unseemly, more than unjust, in so strange a treatment of such a subject.

The present writer is not one of those who believes in the so-called innocence of Mary Stuart.* We are free to admit that the general sentiment in Scotland in respect to her, is to us, though a born Scot, an astonishing sentiment. The pages of *Maga*, loyal as she is to this as to other national prepossessions, may not seem a fit place to say so; but we will not weaken our criticism by pretending to share the belief of Mary's partisans. Innocence and Mary

* [We think it proper to state that this very consideration decided us in selecting a critic for Mr. Froude's work. We felt that any one at all imbued with a partisan's partiality for Queen Mary's memory would find it impossible to approach the task in anything like the temperate spirit which befits the critic's office. More than this, we felt that self-command would be called for in whoever undertook the duty, whatever the predilections of the writer might be; for it is to be hoped that there are few living men or women who could read Mr. Froude's most deplorable performance without emotions of indignant disgust.]

The war-dance of the savage over the mangled remains of his enemy may be a shocking and revolting sight, still it is an ebullition of human nature, however depraved; but for Mr. Froude's attitude, as he stands by the scaffold of the ill-fated Queen, and points out, with ill-suppressed exultation, and with a horrible minuteness of detail, all the ghastly preliminaries, the epithet "inhuman" is far too gentle and forbearing.

He appears to feast his eyes upon the insulted remains of her who was peerless among fair women. He is able to tell us that the body was stripped, "the ears retaining their seats;" and when all is over, and the last brutality is perpetrated, he seems to leave the hall with lingering grudging glances, and a sort of ghoulish regret that nothing worse is left to chronicle.

Mr. Froude sneers at the discomposure with which he believes Mary to have received the announcement of her impending fate on the strength of the French reporter's statement, that the queen was "fâchée et déplaisante" when the sudden intelligence was imparted to her.

He had given her due credit for fortitude elsewhere, but is so steeped in venom as to break out in spite of himself into this inconsistency. To say that she was "fâchée et déplaisante" at the news that on the morrow she was to die a terrible death, appears to us an almost grotesquely inadequate description of the emotions which any human being would experience on such an occasion.

We would quarrel with the French narrator for the feebleness of his language—Mr. Froude deduces from it that Mary's courage faltered. Mr. Froude has dealt his own reputation a murderous blow, and he will indeed be the most undeservedly fortunate of men, if the public and posterity in reading these pages of his, express themselves as nothing more than "fâchée et déplaisante."—*Ed. B. M.*]

Stuart seem to us to have little to do with each other. A woman full of genius and passion, with the blood of the Stuarts and the Tudors mingling in her ardent veins, with unbounded sway over the hearts of others, and strong in that peculiar form of self-control which makes self-indulgence all the more intense because voluntary, it is, in fact, an injury to Mary to talk of her complete innocence. The real force of her character is altogether lost the moment we attempt to make out for her that transparent plea. Was she a fool to be caught in snares so visible that the merest spark of intelligence would have been enough to preserve her from them? Was the training of the court of France a likely way of preserving such ingenuous ignorance? or was the time itself so delicate as to keep the most tenderly-nurtured maiden in such a state of dove-like simplicity? That fine, subtle, penetrating intellect, full of resource and readiness and splendid courage—with eloquence to match that of any special pleader of her time, and dauntless as any hero—are we to suppose the rude Scotch nobles so much more than a match for her, that they have left on her name a stigma which a dozen generations of idolaters have not been able to wipe off? And, indeed, the crime itself, but for a certain devilish appropriateness to the political exigencies of the moment, was not so unprecedented as readers of a comparatively innocent age are apt to suppose. Had Mary been a man like her respectable relative Henry VIII., for whom Mr. Froude has so much sympathy, Darnley's death would have sunk to the rank of a peccadillo in the records of her history; and nobody would have expected of her that she could live a quiet religious life in her English prison, meekly praying for her enemies, frowning upon all attempts on the life of her rival, and pensively indifferent to that bigger diadem of England, which hung like the sword of the story over her imprisoned head by a single thread.

It is perhaps hard to enter into the mental being of those whose struggle for personal right has produced nothing but evil to humanity, and to understand how entirely the impulse which moved them to the making of wars and destructions might be a just and natural impulse. The world, three hundred years ago, refused to attempt such an inquiry. To it a usurper was a usurper, an impostor an impostor, without any inquiry into the appearance of things as presented to his individual vision. Conscientious fraud, which is the rarest thing in the world, was to the mind of our fathers

as universal almost as the daylight. Their enemies opposed them, not out of an innocent or possibly laudable adherence to individual views of their own, but out of sheer spite and malice. Every man who defended himself for a course of action which seemed to them evil, was playing a part. That he could fail to know that he was wrong in pursuing his own interests instead of theirs, was a notion simply incomprehensible. The homely primitive wisdom of the race might indeed assert that what is one man's meat is another man's poison; but neither in politics nor religion could any party understand its application. The idea that orthodoxy is my doxy, and heterodoxy that of all who disagree with me, is the very simplest form of that principle which, in its full development, goes further, and asserts that your doxy is invented of malice prepense to oppose mine, and that you are perfectly aware all the time that yours is wrong, but hold by it to disturb or vex or embarrass me. The modern world professes to have gone quite beyond this canon, and to acknowledge that force of individual conviction which changes the aspect of matters altogether, and thrusts absolute conscious deception into a corner, dethroning it from its vulgar standing as one of the most important of human agencies. By this time the minds which sway the world have come to allow that people who are opposed to them may at least believe they are in the right, and that every shield has two sides. It is strange that Mr. Froude, of all men, should be the one to resort to the old theory. But human nature is too strong for theory, too strong for philosophy, and all the studies and all the skill of the ablest of modern historians have not been able to shelter him from its temptations.

Mr. Froude has evidently taken infinite pains with the character of Queen Elizabeth. He has thrown himself into the picture, if not with all his heart, at least with all the powers of his mind. There is no enthusiasm in the portrait, no attempt to transfer to it any ideal excellence, or to hold it up as a model to be followed; and perhaps the traces of a foregone conclusion are too perceptible in its lines. But no doubt can be entertained of the care bestowed upon it, and the conscientious endeavour made to represent fully and candidly the character of this extraordinary woman. Mr. Froude indeed goes back and back upon his description, as we sometimes see done in a novel when the writer is a little uncertain of his dramatic powers. He is afraid to trust his Elizabeth to de-

monstrate herself, either because of the ambiguity of her proceedings, or because he fears she will not retain so exactly as might be desired the likeness of the image he has made. Whenever he has a chance he lays down for us over again the leading principles of her mind, and with a care and ingenuity which it is impossible to overestimate, keeps these principles before himself and "proves" them as a theologian proves a dogma, by texts, as it were, from her discourses, her letters, her private talk, and all the gossip that buzzed about her. Never was a more elaborate study. He looks at her all round as if she were a curious scientific example, takes careful views of her from a hundred different points, gives her to us in as many different poses as if she were a *figurante*. It is evidently his intention that she should be the central figure in his picture, distinctly discriminated from all competitors, a figure thoroughly realizable and formed of flesh and blood. And when we say this, we feel, had we nothing to add, that we have written Mr. Froude's justification for the different way in which he has treated Mary. It is Elizabeth who is his queen, it is in her that he would fain concentrate all the light and interest, it is she whom he feels to be the lady and mistress of the age. His preference may surprise us, but still it is perfectly possible, and we should not have a word to say. For are there not historians upon Mary's side who concentrate the light upon her head, and leave Elizabeth in the blackness of darkness? The peculiarity in Mr. Froude's case is that his Elizabeth, though so elaborately drawn, is not in any sense his ideal.

He studies without approving her, without finding any intrinsic value in her. He does not love her nor praise her, nor is he even warmed into urgent sympathy. He has no special new light to throw upon her character which might endear her to him, as any bleak new-found peak, rising out of the unknown seas, endears itself to the explorer. The only novelty in his view of her is the philosophical latitudinarianism in point of religion with which he credits her. He allows her to be mean, avaricious, ungrateful, unfaithful, untrue. He makes it clear that no dependence could be placed in her either by word or deed. There is not a word of panegyric in the whole laboured full-length, in which we seem to see the very pearls with which her robe is embroidered, the solemn ruff, the creaking shoes. This absence of ideality or partiality in the portrait perplexes us when we turn to his treatment of her rival. Why then, if Elizabeth

is not to be elevated, is Mary to be degraded? Why so contemptuous an indifference to the motives of the one and so minute a regard to those of the other? What's Hecuba to him, we say instinctively, that he should cast dirt at another on her account? There is no feeling involved in the matter, unless it be the feeling of the artist, who, conscious of having made a very careful study, falls so much in love with that, that he will not do even the rest of his work or himself full justice, lest the perfection of the whole should take away something from the elaborate workmanship of the first completed part. It is a curious piece of solemn folly, and yet so he has willed it. He is not enamoured of Elizabeth, but he is enamoured of his own pains, of the trouble he has taken, and all the laborious details of his manufacture. He uncovers himself with a certain solemnity in her presence, as if he said, "Though she is not much to brag of, and I have told you so, still she is Elizabeth, and hats off; whereas the other is but Mary her prisoner, whom I have no time to take so much trouble about, in whose face let us flourish our caps; and should we find her out in any by-play, laugh in our sleeves, or without them if occasion requires. When Elizabeth does her by-play, we do not laugh, nor even look aside, but fix our eyes upon it steadily and respectfully, and swallow what we cannot ignore." Such is the position Mr. Froude has chosen to occupy in respect to these two queens. Our own impression is that the canvas would have been richer and the work more worthy had he taken the same trouble in both cases, and we cannot even see how the unity of the picture is benefited by the elaboration of one half and scamping of the other. The historian, however, it is plain, thinks otherwise. He gives his heroine the benefit of all those new lights of observation which clear up the darkness of human motives, and show us, as far as anything can, not only what things were done, but why things were done, which on the outside express but feebly the meaning of the doer. He takes the pains to tell us why Elizabeth thought as she did, by what means her susceptibilities were blunted in one direction and sharpened in another, how circumstances had moulded her, how nature compelled her to many a doubtful action; but he takes Mary in the mass after the old fashion, without taking the trouble to inquire how things looked to her from within. She is to him a simple impostor, an actress of accomplished powers, a very fine and thoroughly self-conscious cheat, never forgetting, never abandoning, the arts

which are dearer to her than anything in earth or heaven. Mr. Froude would probably think it bigotry of the blackest description and folly scarcely less than ludicrous were we to call Mahomet an impostor, or—very much further down in the scale—were we even to impute that title without explanation or mitigation to Cagliostro. But he gives it unhesitatingly to Mary Stuart. He follows her through scenes which thrill the pulses of the calmest reader with his sneer and his nickname—he dogs her stately steps through one crisis after another, in which she stands on such a precipice that, if one of her nameless women were in question, he would allow it to be tragic and terrible—and points out to us, with a suppressed chuckle, what position her feet are placed in, and how careful she has been about the folds of her gown. Nay, he watches her die, which is the one moment in life which commands the awe of every spectator, be the dying creature ever so mean or miserable, and smiles his best, though it is hard work, and tries to tell us that death too is a fine piece of acting. We repeat that, if he did this to heighten the light around the head of an ideally noble Elizabeth, there might be some semblance of excuse. But his Elizabeth is only a careful piece of work, and not an ideal; and he has sacrificed the wonderful splendour of the contrast, and the amazing problem of such a mind and life as those of Mary, to a mere superstition in favour of his own handiwork. Such a mistake is its own punishment; and yet it is one of the strangest mistakes into which a writer like Mr. Froude could fall.

The office of the imagination as an intellectual agent has been much discussed and much exalted, but what we may call its moral influence has been but little taken into consideration. Invention is but one of its gifts, and, we believe, not the greatest. Its highest mission in this world is that of comprehension. Half the unkindnesses, half the cruelties and harsh judgments of life, spring from a deficiency of this all-important quality. The mind which cannot put itself in another's place, nor identify another's point of view, is, however just and scrupulous, continually in danger of making false decisions. There is such a thing, to be sure, as a redundancy of imagination and sympathy, which goes far to obliterate the limits of right and wrong altogether, and to account for every action, however base; but deficiency is much more general than redundancy. Mr. Froude has imagination enough for here and there a very vivid piece of description; and he has, when

he chooses to exercise it (as in the wonderful account of Darnley's death in a previous volume), a sufficiently powerful sympathetic faculty to throw himself into the troubled being of another, and interpret it with touching and solemn truthfulness; but he has aversions which baffle and confuse the imagination. His mind stops short at Mary's prison door. All the strange conflict of thought that must have gone on there — the questions that may have risen in the silence — the recollections that must have peopled the solitude — the mass of passions, prejudices, wrongs and rights — religious convictions, such as experience shows can dwell beside the memory of great crimes without any conscious hypocrisy, — Mr. Froude closes the door upon them all with a certain contempt. The workings of Mary's mind are nothing to him; the amount of truth she may have had to back her does not interest him. He does not care what she hopes, what she fears, or what she believes; and yet she must have hoped much, feared much, and believed something, or else human nature has strangely changed. Of all the men and women alive on the earth we question if there was one more profoundly interesting than she whom the historian with airy insolence speaks of as the Lady of Tutbury. A tragic past, brimming over with passion and misery — a future equally tragic, though less unhappy — a present ever filled with the glimmer of such a possibility as was enough to make any ordinary head dizzy and faint — the possibility of being suddenly converted any moment from a neglected captive to the queen of a great nation, are themselves enough to fill every movement of Mary's with interest. She had lived wildly and loved fiercely, and experienced every kind of adventure and vicissitude. She had walked as an enchantress among men, with lives cast under her feet like flowers; and she had sat for years at her embroidery frame counting the weary days like an unwilling nun. From one extreme to another she had been drifted; and had retained her energy, her quick wit, and wonderful intelligence through all. If such a being as this can be explained in one word, then has history indeed grown easy, and it is an unnecessary waste of labour to expend such a mind as that of Mr. Froude upon the simple and *banal* tale.

His explanation of Mary is as follows: She was an ambitious, restless *intrigante* — a scheming adventuress, conscious of crime, such as excluded her from all rights and sympathies, and aware that the existence of a Magdalen out of sight of mankind was

her fit lot; yet ungrateful to the hand that fed and sheltered her — plotting against her hostess and relative — ready even to go the length of murder — taking advantage of certain prejudices about religion to attract the discontented to her side, and undermine her kind, much-enduring, too indulgent cousin. Of these religious prejudices, and of another popular delusion in respect to the rights of princes, the woman availed herself, as any modern actress might avail herself of a British public's sentiments about virtue and its infallible rewards — the rights of princes and the Catholic religion being in reality no more to her than the sentiment of poetic justice is to any heroine on the Surrey boards. To fight by means of these weaknesses, or any other she could find out, for advantage to herself, was her highest spring of action, and the gracefulness of her own *pose* her most real interest. When the one could no longer be pursued, then she fell back on the other; and it is doubtful whether the gratification of grasping at a new crown, or the grand artistic triumph of dying *en martyre*, with every detail and accessory in the highest keeping, was the greatest to her deceitful soul. Mr. Froude commends her courage much as he would that of a dancer on the tight-rope who faces the perils of her profession without flinching; and gives us a sketch of the fantastic elaboration of the dress in which she went through her last scene with a great deal less respectfulness than had she been that same tight-rope dancer lying crushed in her gauzy skirts and spangles at the point where she fell. That fall would have made the dancer into a solemn thing; but even the fall at Fotheringhay does not overawe Mr. Froude's scepticism, or drive the sneer from his face. Death has no solemnity for him when it is Mary Stuart who is to undergo it. She is the same miserable charlatan in her end as during all her career. All feigned and false and artificial are her dignity, her tenderness, her religion, even her face. She was a great actress. Mrs. Siddons, perhaps, would scarcely have done it so well, — such is the summary way in which the historian dismisses Mary of Scotland to her grave.

But yet there is a very different picture to be made. Mary had been for seventeen years a weary captive in her rival's power; and long ere now all sense of being a Magdalen had, without doubt, faded from her mind. Darnley and the Kirk-of-Field troubled her no more than Anne Boleyn and the block troubled her worthy uncle Henry in the latter part of his career. Their consciences were robust, and shadows did

not last. Everything connected with that wild episode of love and murder had evidently disappeared from Mary's healthful elastic soul. Bothwell himself had disappeared from her like a cast-off garment, and there is no evidence of either remorse or repentance in her. She had thrown off the impression of that nightmare as one does on awaking, and her splendid vitality had got the better of it. But there were other things which she had no temptation to forget. She was a good Catholic, and without any reference to her own claims at all, must necessarily have held Elizabeth to be illegitimate. She *was* illegitimate according to all natural and legal rules; and had she been but Mistress Elizabeth, the daughter of a profligate squire, no one would have entertained any doubt on the subject. Mary was woman enough, notwithstanding her own defects, to regard her cousin's birth with a certain horror; and Elizabeth was, besides, under the ban of the Church—a sentence to which we have no ground for supposing Mary to have been indifferent. If she had not been firmly convinced that Elizabeth had no right to the throne, and that she herself ought to occupy it as legitimate next of kin, she would have been the most philosophical woman of her day—and philosophy was not the special characteristic of her genius. And she had been brought up in the full faith of absolutism, with such a confidence in the sacredness of her rank as it is impossible to conceive any one entertaining now-a-days. At that period divine right was no tradition, but a reality, and it is simply impossible that Mary could have had any acquired disbelief in it. It must have been her creed that an anointed queen was beyond trial or condemnation, that whosoever laid hands upon her even in obedience to the law was violating a higher law. Therefore her position in England, from her own point of view, must have been one of unmitigated wrong. It was she who was the true heir, yet she was pining in prison; it was she who alone could bring back the nation to the true faith, yet the very exercise of that faith in a manner becoming her rank was forbidden to her. Elizabeth held the throne in defiance of law and of the Church, oppressing the party which it was most natural for Mary to recognize as the people—the only part of it she had any familiar acquaintance with. These views are not our views, nor have we any sympathy with them; but they were hers, and she had, according to her own education and principles, a perfect right to believe that the highest service she could render to God and the nation was to

manage matters so as that she should reign in Elizabeth's stead. It was not only her interest, but her duty. The advantage (she must have thought) of a people which was being trained to heresy—the good of the Church, the interests of her son and of her faithful dependants, all demanded of her that she should vanquish Elizabeth, if any exertion could do that. And thus, if Mary had comported herself so as to give Mr. Froude satisfaction, she would, to her own consciousness and to that of her party, have been a traitor and a coward. It is in vain to shirk this side of the question. Such must have been her belief; and every day she passed in prison, every indignity that was done her, must have heightened her sense of injustice, and intensified her longing for deliverance. In such circumstances inaction only was sinful. Mr. Froude does not appear to see how much those absolute rights and wrongs of hers increase the interest of the scene. Almost all Europe was on her side; and probably a third part at least of the English people, if free to give their opinion, would have held her cause a just one. That which to Mr. Froude appears a hopeless mass of intrigue, was to her the highest necessity of her position: as legitimate heir to claim her own rights; as her son's mother to establish his; as a true Catholic to secure the victory of her faith; as a patriot even—for this plea is also admissible in the circumstances—to seek what must have appeared to her the true advantage of the people. That we differ with her on every point, or that Mr. Froude differs with her, has actually nothing to do with the subject. Such—unless she were the most generous, the most unselfish, the most philosophical and enlightened of women, centuries before her age, and superior to her education—must have been Mary's belief. She was not grateful to the rival who kept her in tedious bondage, and declined to make any response to her just claims. She was not scrupulous in the means she employed, nor considerate of Elizabeth's safety, nor much concerned for her life. People in those days were not delicate about the peace of mind, or even lives of their adversaries; and we claim for Mary no virtue superior to her age. She was daring, shifty, unscrupulous, using every weapon that came to her hand, and caring much less for the means than for the end; but that she possessed that without which it is impossible to believe in any long-continued struggle—a sense of right on her side—we cannot for one moment doubt. And this Mr. Froude persistently ignores.

Elizabeth was not so incredulous. It was the truth of Mary's claim that made her fear. Had circumstances made it possible for them to live in outward semblance of harmony, the spirit of the position would have been unchanged, except in so far that Elizabeth must have been forced to acknowledge and allow at least Mary's right of inheritance. But the fact that amity between them was impossible, and that Mary had contrived to render herself obnoxious to her own native kingdom, and a bugbear to a large portion of the English people, does not affect the question of her natural rights, nor of her consciousness of them, and of the duties involved in them. Her sins, however fully proved, did not and could not, to herself at least, make any difference in the matter, unless, indeed, to heighten her eagerness for the recognition of her claims, since even a momentary faltering would have been a confession of guilt. Had she retired from the field and given up the conflict, it would, no doubt, have been a great convenience to England and Elizabeth, but it must have been an utter abandonment of the last residue of duty and use which remained in Mary's life.

This, however, is a view which Mr. Froude seems incapable of perceiving. He seems to expect that the Queen of Scots ought to have judged and condemned herself, and remorsefully carried out the sentence. That natural operation of the human mind which converts a long suspension of execution into a positive right of escape does not seem to be known to him. He takes it for granted that Mary must have been continually conscious that she had forfeited her life, and all her individual rights, which it is very evident Mary never dreamt of being. She stands to him in the position which an excommunicated person would stand in to a bigoted Catholic. Men are free to lie to her, to cheat her, to use the basest means of betraying her confidence, without any guilt. They are free to insult her, to forget every delicacy and courtesy becoming gentlemen. It is guilt to aid her, almost a sin to say a civil word. The very faithfulness of her dependants he thinks no credit to them. A woman may forfeit her life, and yet retain her right to courtesy and pity, and such solace as humanity can give. She may be wicked, and yet not be worthy of treatment like a dog; but to Mary, in Mr. Froude's eyes, no charity, no allowance should be shown. His account of the immediate means employed to determine her death are curiously instructive on this point, and so is his

narration of the execution, which we quote below. The manner in which she was betrayed at last into the hands of Elizabeth was one of the basest pieces of treachery ever perpetrated. It may be necessary for statesmen to employ spies, and make use of the meanest instruments to keep them informed of their enemy's tactics—and at that period any fine scruples as to the lawfulness or honourableness of such channels of knowledge did not exist; but when we consider that this heartless plot is discussed and described at full length without a word of disapproval on the part of the historian, or anything to show that he thinks Walsingham's scheme anything but justifiable and legitimate, Mr. Froude's virtuous indignation at Mary's histrionics becomes more and more amazing and incredible. The Catholics of that day held, it is said, that no faith need be kept with heretics, and this is evidently Mr. Froude's opinion with respect to Mary. Every practice against her was fair and honest. She had to be trapped like a wild beast, and what did it matter which was the way?

Mary was taking no special part in anything at the time this plot was devised—not from want of will, but from want of opportunity. She had been for some time deprived of any means of communicating with her friends in which she could place the slightest confidence, and so had been out of all the plots of the moment, more silent and inoffensive than usual. But Elizabeth was in great difficulty between her allies in the Netherlands and Philip of Spain. She hated the Dutch, and yet had been obliged to support them; and her whole mind at the moment was set upon the negotiation of a private treaty with Philip, by which she intended to throw over the Hollanders, save herself from the expense of a costly war on their account, and the country from all fear of a Spanish invasion—an invasion which would have had for its object the re-establishment of the Catholic Church, and installation either of Mary of Scotland or of Philip himself upon the English throne. To do this she would have broken her faith without compunction to the Dutch, and betrayed all her allies; and it was only the wisdom of Elizabeth's counsellors, not her own, which perceived the real advantage she had in being at the head of Protestantism throughout the world. To convince her that it was her interest to play anybody false rather than the Dutch, and to put no faith in Philip, Walsingham turned his eyes upon Mary in her prison as bird-fanciers do upon a captive bird. She should be the

lure. He would lay bare all that was and might be plotting in the Catholic world to his mistress through her means, and probably catch Mary too in the snare, a double advantage. It was with this cold-blooded intention that he concocted his plan—a plan which, for diabolical skill in invention, and pitiless steadfastness in the carrying out, has perhaps never been surpassed. That Elizabeth's Ministers should not have shrunk from such means of procuring information is probably natural; but how Mr. Froude, who is so hard upon Mary's deceptions, should be able to put such a plot on record without one word of reprobation—rather, indeed, as if he approved the villanous scheme and felt it to be wholly justifiable—is a wonder greater than the plot itself, and one which we confess ourselves altogether unable to understand.

After giving an account of Elizabeth's vacillations and perplexities, and Walsingham's anxiety to clear them up, Mr. Froude proceeds as follows:—

"There was one way, and perhaps only one, by which all these questions could be answered. The Queen of Scots must be again enabled to open a correspondence which she and her friends could believe to be perfectly safe, and her letters and theirs must be passed through the hands of Walsingham. Round her, so long as she lived, conspiracy, whether European or English, necessarily gathered. Nothing had been done in the past, and nothing had been projected, on which her advice had not first been asked and taken. She had agents at every Court, who took pains that at least to her every fibre of the truth should be known. Political correspondence throughout her residence in England had been the occupation of her life. . . . What Walsingham wanted was a sustained, varied correspondence with many persons, protracted for an indefinite time—with the Pope, with Philip, with her son; with the Archbishop of Glasgow, with Guise, Mendoza, and the English refugees. In possession of this, he could either convince his mistress of her own unwisdom, or satisfy himself that she was right, and that the treaty might safely go forward. But the problem was an extremely difficult one. He must find some one who could obtain the confidence of all these persons, and induce them to trust him with their letters. He must in some way or other enable this person to convey the letters to the Queen of Scots, and convey back her answers. He dared not venture the experiment without Elizabeth's permission. She gave it, and she kept the secret to herself. It was impossible to say what strange revelations might be before her. For all she could tell, for all Walsingham could tell, half her Cabinet might be found privately in the Queen of Scots' interest. Mary Stuart was the next immediate heir to the

crown. Elizabeth had refused to allow her to be disinherited; and English public men were but mortal, and might have thought it but common prudence to make their peace in time."

The instrument was not long of being found. A certain Gilbert Gifford, of a good Staffordshire family, whose father was at the moment imprisoned in London for "continued recusancy," and one of whose brothers was a plotting Jesuit wholly given up to the cause of the Church, "offered his services, and the opportunities at his command, to the English Government." These opportunities were immense, as may be supposed. He was himself a Jesuit in deacon's orders, brought up at the seminary of Rheims, intimately acquainted with, and fully trusted by, many of Mary's friends. No suspicion could attach to communications forwarded through his means. But when this grand preliminary had been accomplished, there were still other preparations needful. Mary had to be removed (as she had long vainly prayed to be, disliking the place) from her well watched and guarded residence at Tutbury to another of a humbler character, where she might be betrayed with less risk of discovery. She had at the same time to be driven desperate by one or two other amiable means of exasperation—as, for instance, the complete cessation of any means of correspondence whatever except through Walsingham, and news of her son such as might well have driven any poor woman frantic. She was told that James had transferred to Elizabeth the title of mother, and was growing every day more confirmed in his Protestantism and more opposed to herself. She was "marvellously incensed" by this information, "protesting that she was spoiled of her son by violence, complaining in very sharp and bitter terms, having lost all patience, and crying vengeance against her enemies." Having thus wrought the unhappy woman up into a state of frantic readiness to seize any hand of help that might be held out to her, "Elizabeth made a favour of consenting to her a change of residence, and accompanied it with a lecture on irritability." She held open the door of the trap with a scold and an apparent grudge. The captive deserved no such favour; but as she had set her heart on it, why, she should have it. There was Chartley Manor close by, which Sir Amyas Paulet might look at, since Mary so desired it. And thus the last step was taken for the perfection of the plot.

"Mary Stuart was delighted with the change, and utterly unsuspecting. Elizabeth's homily

had worked her into a frenzy, which Paulet had studiously aggravated, 'making her disclose her passions in writing, which were far more violent than in her speech.' He had affected to persuade her to remain at Tutbury, though Elizabeth had consented to her removal. He had made her only, as he probably intended, the more eager to go. She said if she was kept at Tutbury 'she would die in her bad lodging, with other bitter words, wherein she was no niggard when she was moved with passion.' She went Walsingham's way, believing it to be her own; and before Christmas she was comfortably established in her new home.

"At once there dropped upon her, as if from an invisible hand, a ciphered letter from her faithful Morgan. Paulet had been taken into confidence with Philipps, Walsingham's secretary, an accomplished master of the art of cipher, and one other person whose assistance Philipps had secured—a brewer at Burton, who supplied Chartley with ale. A separate cask was furnished for the Queen of Scots' ladies and secretaries; a hint was in some way conveyed to Nau to examine it closely; and when the ale was drawn off there was found at the bottom a small water-tight box of wood, in which was Morgan's packet. It contained an introduction of Gilbert Gifford, as 'a Catholic gentleman well brought up in learning,' on whom the Queen of Scots might thoroughly depend, and with whose assistance she might correspond with himself and with her other friends in England and elsewhere. The cask came in weekly. The box, re-enclosed in the empty barrel, would carry out her answers, and the chain of communication was at once complete.

"The brewer had been purchased by high and complicated bribes. He was first paid by Walsingham; next, he was assured of lavish rewards from the Queen of Scots, which, to secure her confidence, it was necessary to permit him to receive; lastly, like a true English scoundrel, he used the possession of a State secret to exact a higher price for his beer. Philipps came to reside at Chartley under the pretence of assisting Paulet in the management of his household. Every letter conveyed to the queen of Scots, and every letter which she sent in return, was examined and copied by him before it was forwarded to its destination; and Morgan's introduction of Gifford, which betrayed her into Walsingham's hands, was the first on which he had to exercise his skill.

"Gifford himself, too young and innocent-looking, as he appeared to Paulet, for so involved a transaction, had organized his own share of it with a skill which Sir Amyas' blunter mind failed at first to comprehend. Sir Amyas thought that his remuneration from Walsingham ought to have contented him. Gifford, wiser than he, knew that gratuitous services were suspicious. He wrote to the Queen of Scots saying that he was honoured in being of use to her, but reminding her that he was risking his life, and capitulating for a pension. At points between

Burton and London he had found Catholic gentlemen with whose assistance the packets were transmitted. They were told no more than that they contained letters of supreme importance to the cause. One of them, who resided nearest to Burton, received a bag weekly from the brewer, and carried it on to the next, by whom it was again forwarded, so it was passed from hand to hand to the Jesuit agency in London. The treachery was at Chartley only. From the time that the letters left the brewer's house, they were tampered with no more. The London Jesuits receiving them by their confidential channel, and little dreaming that they were transcribed already, distributed them to their ciphered addresses, and returned answers in the same way, which again, after inspection by Philipps, were deposited in the cask. Gifford was at first upon the spot, and active in person, but when the road was once established he was needed no more. He went abroad again to see Morgan, and gather information wherever he was trusted. In his absence his cousin took his place as an unconscious instrument of the ruin of the lady whom he worshipped as his queen. All parties in the correspondence had special designations. In the letters of Mary Stuart, Gilbert passed by the name of Pietro; the cousin, of Emilio. Between Paulet and Walsingham the brewer was christened, in irony, 'the honest man;' Gilbert was Walsingham's 'friend;' and the cousin, the 'substitute.'

"Six persons only were in possession of the full secret. Elizabeth and Walsingham, by whom the plot had been contrived; Gifford and the brewer, who were its instruments; Philipps, by whom the ciphers were transcribed and read; and Paulet, whom it had been found necessary to trust. All the rest were puppets who played their parts at the young Jesuit's will. The ciphers threatened at first to be a difficulty. Philipps was a practised expert, and with time could, perhaps, have mastered all of them; but time was an element of which there was none to spare, where a correspondence was to be watched but not detained, and where a delay in the transmission might lead to discovery. The over-confidence of Morgan, however, in Gifford's probity deprived the unlucky Mary of this last protection. Fearing that his old ciphers might have been discovered, he drew fresh tables, not for his own use only, but for the whole party of the Paris conspirators—for Guise, for Mendoza, for the Archbishop of Glasgow, for Paget, and for Arundel; and he forwarded duplicates to the Queen of Scots. The key of his own, which unlocked the rest, he gave to Gifford to carry to her, and the very first letter which she availed herself of her recovered opportunity to write, was in this identical cypher. It was to 'Pietro's father,' old Gifford, who was in the Tower, full of tender consolation, and of promises that if she ever became his sovereign, his own and his son's services should not be forgotten.

"The very inmost secrets of the Catholic confederacy were now opened to Walsingham's inspection. The papers which he was about to see were from the men at whose instigation, if England was really to be invaded, the enterprise would be set on foot. . . . The exact truth would be told to the Queen of Scots, and she herself in time would reveal her most inward purpose. It would be ascertained now whether he or Elizabeth had been right."

Thus by a plot as clever and as nefarious as was ever conceived, Mary was betrayed. Mr. Froude is willing to allow that there must have been an "inherent scoundrelism of temperament" in Gifford, the principal agent of it, and in the brewer its lowest instrument; but we are left to suppose that it was rather virtuous than otherwise in Elizabeth thus to tempt her cousin to destruction. We do not ourselves see that the actual forgery of the documents with which Mary's partisans have charged the English Government, would have been much worse; and it certainly would have required less heartless and continued cruelty. The information gained by this abominable means was not immediately satisfactory. It showed that the Catholic world was very dubious, very much divided, very uncertain what step to take next; and no doubt, had Elizabeth acted immediately by the instructions thus given her, the treaty with Philip might have been perfectly feasible. But by-and-by a new and strange light stole over the darkling scene, at which the Queen and her Ministers peeped with all the excitement of clandestine watchers. One can imagine the half-incredulous delight with which Walsingham must have started at his keyhole when he began to perceive how, beyond all his hopes, the maddened, heart-sick, worn-out Mary was about to betray herself into his hands. Mysterious hints of something brewing that might deliver her, made the secret listeners prick up their ears. "It must have been with profound curiosity," says Mr. Froude, "that both Elizabeth and Walsingham must have watched the effect upon the Queen of Scots." His sympathy is with spies behind the door, not with the trapped creature, panting with hopes of final deliverance, and pitifully unconscious of the eyes that watched her who sat within. It was the Babington conspiracy against Elizabeth's life that was brewing, and no doubt it must have given her a certain thrill of excitement in passing, to hear of "the means in hand to remove the beast that troubles all the world." Mr. Froude, however, mingles so carefully the narrative of what was going on outside, and Gifford's other treacheries, with the story of Mary's

letters, that the careless reader will be apt to attribute all Elizabeth's knowledge of this conspiracy to the Chartley correspondence, which is very far from being the case. The mysterious hints about the removal of the beast were accompanied by many much more lengthy and important-seeming details about an invasion led by the Prince of Parma, and about the plans for her own personal deliverance; and the conspiracy itself is only fully unveiled in one letter from Babington, in which it seems to occupy one sentence, while the Prince of Parma and her escape fill up pages. But we do not attempt to defend Mary, or to suppose in her any squeamishness about acquiescence in such a conspiracy. What was Elizabeth doing in that dark closet watching every secret movement of her prisoner? Was not she conspiring diabolically in cold blood, and, what was worse, tempting the unhappy one to her fate? It was a duel *à outrance*, and why should Mary hesitate? To kill or to be killed was the inevitable conclusion, and Mary Stuart was no meek sufferer, forgiving her enemies and blessing those who cursed her.

When the crisis for which they had been plotting had come, and at last Babington's welcome letter, with details which nobody could mistake, was put into her hands, the conspirators on the other side stood still and held their breath, with an excitement which it is easy to realize. Here was the tragic point on which life and death depended. They watched her as a band of ruffians might watch a blinded creature wandering on the edge of a precipice; or as wreckers watch the ship which their false lights have beguiled on to a fatal shore. Would some angel interfere and save her at the last moment, or would nature, and hope, and wrong, and vengeance have their way?

"The interest grew deeper. Babington's letter was given immediately to Gifford; it was examined by Walsingham before it left London, and was forwarded by the usual road; and Philipps, who had been in London, and there deciphered it, returned to Paulet at Chartley, to watch its effects. Mary Stuart knew Philipps by sight—a spare, pock-marked, impassive, red-haired man, something over thirty. She had been already struck by his appearance. Morgan had suggested that he might not be proof against a bribe. She had tried him gently without success, but she had no particular suspicion of him. He knew the moment when the letter reached her. He knew that she had read it. When she drove out in her carriage afterwards, she passed him, and he bowed respectfully. 'I had a smiling countenance,' he said, 'but I thought of the verse, *Cum tibi dicit Ave*.

Sicut ab hoste cave.' Some remorse he could not choose but feel. She was in his toils, and he was too certain that she would be involved in them. Another letter from her, and the work would be done. 'We attend,' he wrote, 'her very heart at the next.' "

What do our readers say? Is it Elizabeth, Walsingham, Philipps, and Gifford, or Mary and Babington, that are most guilty of conspiracy and murder?—and how much had pure justice to do with the guidance of the world when the last died, and the first went free?

We have no more doubt, for our own part, that the letters were genuine, and that Mary (thinking it actually a matter of less importance than how she was to be carried off from Chartley, and restored to the *grand air* and sweets of freedom) consented to Elizabeth's assassination, than we have that Babington's band could not have assassinated a fly. A parcel of vain, foolish, riotous young braggarts—it is impossible to believe that Elizabeth, a woman of unquestionable courage, ever had a moment's real fear on account of their boyish conspiracy. It might have wounded her pride, for they were adherents of her court; but there is no evidence that they had any special access to her, or interested her in any way. The whole business came to nothing, as it would assuredly have done in any case. The wretched creatures were slaughtered with every possible atrocity permitted by the law, and Mary's doom was finally sealed. We do not pity Babington, and we are not even prepared to assert that it was not needful for the public peace that Mary should die. But how any historian of this nineteenth century can justify the transaction described above, is such a puzzle as we do not remember to have encountered before. "It was not to entrap her, Elizabeth could most honestly say," Mr. Froude adds, with—is it a momentary hallucination?—and he explains to us that, "Had Mary been in the mood in which she pretended to be, the 'treachery' of Walsingham would have been the truest kindness, for it would have dispelled effectually and for ever the remains of Elizabeth's mistrust." Can anybody explain this extraordinary sophistry? Does Mr. Froude mean it?—or is it a bit of monomania? What! true kindness to spy into the very heart of a helpless prisoner, to ply her with temptations well-nigh irresistible—to create means of criminality for her, and watch in the dark how she rises to the horrible bait? Were such a course of procedure employed nowadays—nay, even the very shadow of it—towards the meanest criminal, what

would the world, what would Mr. Froude say?

We need not dwell upon the careful narrative of the panic raised in the country by the discovered conspiracy, the terrible executions, the ghost of invasion; nor upon the trial at Fotheringay, and Elizabeth's agitation and attempt to induce her faithful Sir Amyas Paulet to slaughter his prisoner comfortably out of hand, and free her from the responsibility; nor how at last she signed Mary's death-warrant, "among a number of other papers," and it was registered without examination as a new act referring to Ireland. All the confused excitement of the moment culminates in the one scene at Fotheringay, of which so many narratives have been given, and which Mr. Froude now tells over again, as it has, we dare venture to say, never yet been told. The great actress prepares to go out of the world histrionically, and with the finest effect—such an accident as death being nothing to her but another occasion of display. This is how that wonderful scene, so familiar to us all, appears to the historian, and we may leave him, with little comment, to tell a tale, which perhaps our readers will agree with us is less to the historian's credit than it is to the queen's.

"At eight in the morning the provost-marshal knocked at the outer door which communicated with her suite of apartments. It was locked and no one answered, and he went back in some trepidation lest the fears might prove true which had been entertained the preceding evening. On his returning with the sheriff, however, a few minutes later, the door was open, and they were confronted with the tall majestic figure of Mary Stuart standing before them in splendour. The plain grey dress had been exchanged for a robe of black satin; her jacket was of black satin also, looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. Her false hair was arranged studiously with a coif, and over her head and falling down over her back was a white veil of delicate lawn. A crucifix of gold hung from her neck. In her hand she held a crucifix of ivory, and a number of jewelled paternosters were attached to her girdle. Led by two of Paulet's gentlemen, the sheriff walking before her, she passed to the chamber of presence in which she had been tried, where Shrewsbury, Kent, Paulet, Drury, and others were waiting to receive her. Andrew Melville, Sir Robert's brother, who had been Master of her Household, was kneeling in tears. 'Melville,' she said, 'you should rather rejoice than weep that the end of my troubles is come. Tell my friends I die a true Catholic. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice his kingdom of Scotland; and so, good Melville, farewell.' She kissed him, and, turning, asked for her chaplain du Preau. He was not present.

There had been a fear of some melodrama which was thought well to avoid. Her ladies, who had attempted to follow her, had been kept back also. *She could not afford to leave the account of her death to be reported by enemies and Puritans, and she required assistance for the scene which she meditated.* Missing them, she asked the reason of their absence, and said she wished them to see her die. Kent said he feared they might scream or faint, or attempt perhaps to dip their handkerchiefs in her blood. She undertook that they should be quiet and obedient. 'The Queen,' she said, 'would never deny her so slight a request:' and when Kent still hesitated, she added with tears, 'You know I am cousin to your Queen, of the blood of Henry the Seventh, a married Queen of France, and anointed Queen of Scotland.'

'It was impossible to refuse. She was allowed to take six of her own people with her, and select them herself. She chose her physician, Burgoyne, Andrew Melville, the apothecary Gorion, and her surgeon, with two ladies, Elizabeth Kennedy and Curll's young wife, Barbara Mowbray, whose child she had baptized.

"Allons donc," she then said, 'let us go;' and passing out, attended by the earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall. The news had spread far through the country. Thousands of people were collected outside the walls. About three hundred knights and gentlemen of the county had been admitted to witness the execution. The tables and forms had been removed, and a great wood-fire was blazing in the chimney. At the upper end of the hall, above the fireplace, but near it, stood the scaffold, twelve feet square and two feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth. A low rail ran round it, covered with black cloth also, and the sheriff's guard of halbardiers were ranged on the floor below on the four sides, to keep off the crowd. On the scaffold was the block, black like the rest. A square black cushion was placed behind it, and behind the cushion a black chair. On the right were two other chairs for the earls. The axe leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood as mutes on either side at the back. The Queen of Scots, as she swept in, seemed as if coming to take a part in some solemn pageant. Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver. She ascended the scaffold with absolute composure, looked round her, smiling, and sat down. Shrewsbury and Kent followed, and took their places. The sheriff stood at her left hand, and Beale then mounted a platform and read the warrant aloud.

"In all the assembly Mary Stuart appeared the person least interested in the words which were consigning her to death.

"Madam," said Lord Shrewsbury to her when the reading was ended, 'you hear what we are commanded to do?'

"You will do your duty," she answered, and rose as if to kneel and pray.

"The Dean of Peterborough, Dr. Fletcher, approached the rail. 'Madam,' he began, with a low obeisance, 'the queen's most excellent majesty,'—'Madam, the queen's most excellent majesty.' Thrice he commenced his sentence, wanting words to pursue it. When he repeated the words a fourth time she cut him short.

"Mr. Dean," she said, 'I am a Catholic, and must die a Catholic. It is useless to attempt to move me, and your prayers will avail me but little.'

"Change your opinions, madam," he cried, his tongue being loosed at last; 'repent of your sins, settle your faith in Christ, by Him to be saved.'

"Trouble not yourself further, Mr. Dean," she answered; 'I am settled in my own faith, for which I mean to shed my blood.'

"I am sorry, madam," said Shrewsbury, 'to see you so addicted to Popery.'

"That image of Christ you hold there," said Kent, 'will not profit you, if He be not engraved in your heart.'

"She did not reply, and, turning her back on Fletcher, knelt for her own devotions.

"He had been evidently instructed to impair the Catholic complexion of the scene, and the Queen of Scots was determined that he should not succeed. When she knelt he commenced an extempore prayer in which the assembly joined. As his voice sounded out in the hall, she raised her own, reciting with powerful deep-chested tones the Penitential Psalms in Latin, introducing English sentences at intervals, that the audience might know what she was saying, and praying with especial distinctness for her holy father the Pope.

"From time to time, with conspicuous vehemence, she struck the crucifix against her bosom, and then, as the Dean gave up the struggle, leaving her Latin, she prayed in English wholly, still clear and loud. She prayed for the Church which she had been ready to betray, for her son whom she had disinherited, for the Queen whom she had endeavoured to murder. She prayed God to avert His wrath from England, that England which she had sent a last message to Philip to beseech him to invade. She forgave her enemies, whom she had invited Philip not to forget; and then, praying to the saints to intercede for her with Christ, and kissing the crucifix and crossing her own breast, 'Even as thy arms, O Jesus,' she cried, 'were spread upon the cross, so receive me into Thy mercy, and forgive my sins.'

"With these words she rose; the black mutes stepped forward, and in the usual form begged her forgiveness.

"I forgive you," she said, 'for now I hope you shall end all my troubles.' They offered their help in arranging her dress. 'Truly, my lords,' she said, with a smile to the earls, 'I never had such grooms waiting on me before.' Her ladies were allowed to come up upon the scaffold to assist her; for the work to be done

was considerable, and had been prepared with no common thought.

"She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief executioner took it as a perquisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms; and thus she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot.

"Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture. *It is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling.*

"The women, whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, began now to give way, spasmodic sobs bursting from them which they could not check. 'Ne criez vous,' she said, 'j'ay promis pour vous.' Struggling bravely, they crossed their breasts again and again, she crossing them in turn, and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with her handkerchief. 'Adieu,' she said, smiling for the last time, and waving her hand to them, 'Adieu, au revoir.' They stepped back from off the scaffold, and left her alone. On her knees she repeated the psalm, *In te, Domine, confido*.—'*In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust.*' Her shoulders being exposed, two scars became visible, one on either side; and the ears being now a little behind her, Kent pointed to them with his white wand, and looked inquiringly at his companion. Shrewsbury whispered that they were the remains of two abscesses from which she had suffered while living with him at Sheffield.

"When the psalm was finished she felt for the block, and laying down her head, muttered, '*In manus, Domine, tuas, commendo animam meam.*' The hard wood seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioner gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow; and then one of them holding her slightly, the other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practised headsman of the Tower. His arm wandered. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off and the false plaits. The laboured illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness; the executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.

"*'So perish all enemies of the Queen,'* said the Dean of Peterborough. A loud Amen rose over the hall. 'Such end,' said the Earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, 'to the Queen's and the Gospel's enemies.'

"Orders had been given that everything which she had worn should be immediately destroyed; that no relics should be carried off to work imaginary miracles. Sentinels stood at the doors, who allowed no one to pass out without permission; and after the first pause, the ears still keeping their places, the body was stripped. It then appeared that a favourite lap-dog had followed its mistress unperceived, and was concealed under her clothes; when discovered it gave a short cry, and seated itself between the head and the neck, from which the blood was still flowing. It was carried away and carefully washed, and then beads, paternoster, handkerchief, each particle of dress which the blood had touched, with the cloth on the block and on the scaffold, was burnt in the hall-fire in the presence of the crowd. The scaffold itself was next removed; a brief account of the execution was drawn up, with which Henry Talbot, Lord Shrewsbury's son, was sent to London, and then every one was dismissed."

This narrative speaks for itself, and we believe it is the first time that it has been told without some passing thrill of humanity. Mary Stuart was no martyr. Once more we repeat that we have no confidence whatever in the tale of her innocence. And we suppose she had technically forfeited her life by her complicity with Babington. But the grand reproach and mystery of Mary's existence lay at the distance of half a lifetime from her punishment; and during that interval what tortures had she not suffered? A woman of action, a lover of pleasure, hot-blooded, overflowing with energy, she had been a captive for seventeen years; proud, she had been a dependant; vehement and eloquent, she had been silenced. The only legitimate affection that belonged to her had been alienated. She was impotent, she who felt such powers within her, and now the toils had gathered round her feet. She was caught like a wild beast, and treated like one, in defiance of all the formal charities of English law, as well as of human consideration. When she was told all suddenly and without warning that she was to die next day, she was "dreadfully agitated." Mr. Froude tells us, justifying the expression by a French report that "*la Reine d'Escosse fut fasciée et déplaisante de ces nouvelles.*" *Déplaisante!* Did Kent and Shrewsbury, we wonder, expect her to entertain them with agreeable talk in return for their news? As she comes forth, stately and calm, to the scaffold, is it possible that any man can look on and jeer at her? "O

the pity of it! the pity of it!" cries Othello, not when he thinks his wife innocent, but when he believes her guilty. And the knowledge of all that woman has gone through—of her terrible tragic passions, her crime, her long torture, the awful page of life she is about to close—does it not penetrate with a yet profounder throb the heart of the bystander? But not Mr. Froude's heart. No disgust seizes him when the two lords, in their brutal curiosity, silently consult each other about the scars on her bared shoulders. The voice of that Dean, whom we would fain throttle in his hideous profane impertinence, sounds dignified and seemly in the historian's ears, and it is only the woman about to die whose prayers are an impertinence to him. A certain rage that she should escape him, and stand once more supreme on the edge of her grave, seems to seize upon him. No doubt he would, in point of fact, grant to any ruffian at the gallows-foot the priest he chooses to aid him, so far as any priest can aid; yet he can actually find words to tell us that Mary's confessor was denied to her "for fear of some religious melodrame." And when the last act is over, and the crimson gown which she has put on with pitiful womanishness is dyed double crimson, and the false hair falls off the dead

head along with its other coverings, is it possible that even then a Christian gentleman can utter a snarl of contemptuous triumph over that horror of blood and death? It would seem a positive pleasure to him that now at the last even her boasted charms have yielded. She knelt down at the block "in the maturity of grace and loveliness;" but the head held up before the crowd "exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman." This ghastly sneer haunts the imagination like a blasphemy. One feels one must have dreamt it, and that no man could have written such words in the calm of his study and in cold blood. The executioner's formula, "So die all enemies of the Queen," rises to the height of historical dignity after such a comment. She was the Queen's enemy; she was a standing danger to the public peace. She was (we believe) a woman who had been deeply criminal, and was not even deeply repentant. But Mary Stuart herself, with all her sins on her head, is more comprehensible than is the man who, three hundred years after her troublings have come to an end, is able to insult her dying, and throw an air of farce over the conclusion of such a tragedy as has seldom been witnessed by man.

It is exactly forty years since Messrs. Goodrich, of Boston, published three volumes of "Specimens of American Poetry," which introduced to English readers, Messrs. Willis, Perceval, Halleck, and other writers of pleasing and graceful, if not very vigorous, verse. Of these writers, Halleck is chiefly known to us by his very spirited poem of "Alnwick Castle." His visit to that "Home of the Percy's high-born race," awoke memories of the days of chivalry, of Chevy Chase, and the gallant Hotspur; and with the past he contrasts the present, which he finds to be a prosaic and unromantic age, in which:—

Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt
The Douglas in red herrings.

One is reminded of these lines by the circumstance that the Earl of Dudley has been the proprietor of the market-tolls of the town from which he takes his title; and the value of such tolls may be judged from the fact, that they were purchased from him by the Town Council of Dudley for the sum of £10,000. Thus, this noble patron of the arts was, up to that time, also the proprietor of the market-tolls of a country town.

Once a Week.

THE Pompeiorama, in the Villa Nazionale, Naples, is now opened to the public. It consists of three rooms,—a waiting-room, which opens into one in which are represented the principal monuments of Pompeii, of the natural size and under two several aspects, that is, in their original state. Beyond this is a third room, in which are represented Pompeian scenes and costumes, intermixed with historical facts, such as a criminal case before the tribunals in the person of Publius Arnetistius, a sacrifice, a public market-place, the election of magistrates, the baths, and other scenes illustrative of the life of those who once inhabited this now ruined city.

Athenæum.

AN ingenious Frenchman of Italian origin, one Ferdinand Tommasi, claims to have discovered a valuable mode of employing the force of rising and falling tides as a motive power. M. Tommasi, who is an engineer, and has patented his invention both in France and abroad, declares that the force of tides can be employed on his system no matter what distance from the sea.

From The Spectator, Jan. 1.

THE REPUBLICAN DIPLOMATISTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. FISH is, we think, an improvement on Mr. Seward. There is no mere buncombe in his despatches, no windy flourishes of the Jefferson-Brick order. He writes like an educated gentleman, and not like a pretentious shopman. But his despatches published this week on the Alabama question impress us painfully with the inferiority of the new Republican diplomatists in style and in intellectual strength to those of the old democratic party who used to manage the foreign policy of the Union under the various democratic Presidents who preceded Mr. Lincoln, General Cass, Mr. Marcy, and even Mr. Buchanan. There is too much by far of undignified complaint in the tone, too little of reticence on matters of mere sentiment, — on which, whether in the right or not, it is hardly dignified for the executive of a great government to speak at all. What matter is it to the Government of General Grant whether England disappointed the very natural hopes formed in America as to her sympathy with the cause of the North or not? Precisely just as much, and no more, as it is whether the United States disappointed the hopes formed in England as to their sympathy with us in the Crimean war or not. These matters are matters of policy on which it is precisely as undignified for a government to indulge in public complaints as it would be for a man to write plaintively to the *Times* that he has been slighted by his uncle or cut by his cousins. So far as we have been wanting in plain international duties, Mr. Fish is quite right to complain and demand reparation. So far as we have only been wanting in appropriate sentiments this complaint is undignified and irrelevant. Mr. Wheaton has no chapter on international emotions. For wounded national feelings and disappointed national affections no legal reparation can be demanded. We should be the last to say that these things are of no importance. We have often protested indignantly against what seemed to us a thoroughly immoral state of international feeling in the ruling classes of England, and predicted that mischief must come of it. It is as true of nations as it is of individuals that "out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders," wars, and all other international sins, and we are by no means making light of any misdirection of English sentiment, in deprecating these diplomatic complaints against it as out of place and unfortunate. All we say is that such lamentations are necessa-

rily irrelevant and unfortunate. They are irrelevant, as England and America have a perfect international right to loathe each other instead of loving each other, if they are foolish and blind enough, so long as they commit no unfriendly actions. And such lamentations are unfortunate, because the charges they imply can never be proved, always involve gross injustice to those masses of either nation who have not been in any way open to them, and generally aggravate instead of removing the bad feeling on which they harp. Mr. Fish made the first great mistake of his despatch on the Alabama claims, when he permitted himself to enlarge on the right of the North to anticipate sympathy from England and the bitter disappointment of that expectation.

But Mr. Fish not only commits the error of dwelling too much, and almost with a feminine susceptibility, on sentimental recriminations (which to us appear partly just, in great measure unjust, and wholly off the question), but he also commits the error, for which we were hardly prepared, of reiterating the charge against us founded on what is called the premature recognition of the belligerency of the south. Now, we are not going to argue this matter again. Lord Clarendon in his reply states the case as clearly and unanswerably as possible, and we have explained times out of number why the American Government seems to us in this case to be absurdly conjuring up a grievance out of what was in fact the prompt discharge of a duty imperatively required at our hands by the circumstances in which we were placed. It would be an unjustifiable waste of our own and our readers' time to review the story again. But this we will say, that the American Secretary, *whatever* may be his own view, is very ill advised to recur to a complaint of this sort, which he perfectly well knows that Great Britain has made up her mind to be utterly groundless, and which she will resist to the uttermost, unless he intends to enforce that complaint by an ultimatum, — which, of course, he does not. This "prematurity" in the recognition of belligerent rights has been fully discussed between the two Governments. Mr. Fish knows that some of the most eminent (Northern) American lawyers are not only on our side, but so strongly on our side, that one of the most distinguished of them has said he could not "use too strong language" to describe the "utterly baseless character of this charge." Not only individual lawyers, but the most important judgments of the United States' Courts have sanctioned the view taken by the British Government. Under

these circumstances, no wise diplomatist would merely return to the old accusation. If it is good for anything, it is good either as a ground of quarrel on the one hand, or as a claim which the American Government might take to themselves credit for magnanimity in *not* again pressing, on the other. An able minister who wished for war might have used this claim, in regard to which, confessedly, we are not in the remotest degree likely to afford the Government of Washington the slightest satisfaction, as an excuse. An able Minister who wished for peace might have made a good deal of the popular favour with which this demand had been regarded in America, and the great forbearance and generosity of the Government in waiving that point, not by way of legal concession, but by way of proof of magnanimous disinclination to press too hard in a case where there is at least a plausible apology to be made for the conduct of the other party to the dispute. But Mr. Fish has not dealt with the matter in either way. He has pressed this (imaginary) grievance with an emphasis which will render it very difficult for him to acquiesce in any settlement that does not include an express reference of this point to arbitration; and he has surrendered all diplomatic advantage that might have resulted from a cordial waiver. Yet it is inconceivable that Mr. Fish, even from his own point of view, can expect to derive any benefit from pressing this point. With his own country's Courts and the best American lawyers against him, and the mind of British statesmen calmly immovable on the matter, he must sooner or later give up his pretensions on this point, and so encounter a mortifying defeat, unless, indeed, in spite of the strong disavowals of Mr. Motley, he is entering on renewed negotiations only for appearance' sake, and with the deliberate design of their failing and leaving a painful question open between this country and the United States;—an imputation which would be wholly unjustifiable on our parts. Mr. Fish has, as it seems to us, thrown away all the advantage of his position as a fresh negotiator expressing the views of a new and strong Government after an interval of silence, by harping on the weakest point of his case as pertinaciously as if it were the strongest, and rehearsing all the old querulous quavers of discontent, without introducing any new perspective among his complaints, or adding any clear practical definition to the issue between us.

Lastly, even on the points on which Mr. Fish has the strongest case, he fails to pre-

sent it with new force and vigour, while ludicrously over-stating it on one side, and so weakening the effect of what he really does urge with justice. The escape of the Alabama from the Mersey was, as we believe, due to a real act of negligence on our part, for which it is not only right on general international principles, but in the highest degree expedient for British interests, that we should be willing and even eager to make amends. But if this point *could* be weakly stated, and injured by a false incidental framework of circumstantial detail, Mr. Fish states it weakly, and with these unfortunate accompaniments. His tone is not weighty and practical. He forgets to point out that a stricter interpretation of the international duties of neutrals with every fresh generation is not only the inevitable result of physical progress, but one of the highest expediency to England, no less than the United States; he does not take a simple and frank tone with reference to the legal excuses offered by our Government, which he very justly but far too querulously rejects; he does not say politely, but plainly, that he has absolutely nothing to do with our reasons for omitting reasonable precautions, but only with the question of *fact* whether we did omit them, and of the consequences to his country, nor hint that if we choose to keep constitutional scruples of a superfine kind we must content to pay highly for them, as we should certainly insist on others paying highly for them to us,—on all this side of the subject Mr. Fish is in effect right, no doubt, but feeble and plaintive, instead of terse, firm, and commonsensical. And, then, on all the attendant circumstances he exaggerates and enfeebles the strong part of his case. He speaks as if we had stopped no single cruiser from sailing, and had permitted the sailing of a whole fleet of the destination of which we had been fully apprised. He treats the case of blockade-runners,—for the capture of which the power which establishes and maintains the blockade is exclusively responsible,—as if the neutral power from whose ports they sail had any sort of right or responsibility for the enterprise, nay, almost as if it were as much bound to prevent such enterprises as it is to prevent the fitting-out of a hostile cruiser in its ports. He exaggerates the helplessness of the Confederates themselves, from whose own ports, and not from ours, as Lord Clarendon shows, the Sumter, Nashville, and Florida all three sailed. Finally, Mr. Fish exaggerates absurdly the *degree* of our responsibility for all the results, which he charges *exclusively* upon us, though it is notorious that in two

cases at least, the Federals neglected "reasonable precautions" for arresting the Alabama's career. On the whole, we must say that both by defect and by excess, this, the least weak part of Mr. Fish's dispatch, offends against the principles of sound diplomacy, and gives but a poor conception of Mr. Fish's powers.

The Republican party has yet to produce its breed of statesmen. The oligarchical habits of the Southern party which so long monopolized office before the war, were at least favourable to a commanding tone of political mind, with its evil and its good. The slave-holding system, like the worse forms of the fagging system at public schools, breeds a thousand diseases, but with them an able though an evil type of statesmanship. As yet, true Republicanism in America has produced no statesmanship at all, except Mr. Lincoln's, which was apparently more a stroke of good fortune for the party than of party organization. No doubt there is some progress. General Grant is better than Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Fish is better than Mr. Seward, though Mr. Boutwell is vastly inferior both to Mr. Chase and Mr. McCulloch. But the progress is very slow. The tone of mind of the Republican statesmen is limp, sensitive, confused, tentative, not dignified, clear, firm, commanding. We do not quite despair of better things from Mr. Fish. But he has not opened his case as we could wish to see a case opened which we believe to have great force in it, and which we regard as quite as much our own interest as his and his country's to see brought to a mutually satisfactory conclusion.

From The Spectator.

THE "ROB ROY" ON THE JORDAN.*

THIS, if we mistake not, is Mr. Macgregor's third canoe voyage, for his cruise in the yawl "Rob Roy," though marked by many of the same features as characterized his "Thousand Miles" and his "Baltic," equal to them in boldness, fertility of resource, and idiosyncrasy of treatment, was distinguished from them by the greater size of the boat, and by the general scale being increased in proportion. The present work is an advance on those that have gone before, not only in the interest of the subject, but in the novelty

of incident and variety of adventure. On the French and German rivers Mr. Macgregor's appearance excited much surprise, but the people were too civilized to do more than stare and comment. It is true that he looked at the country from a new point of view, but it was not one which peculiarly favoured observation. An occasional ducking, a scramble (canoe and all) through a hedge, a plunge down a rapid, a struggle with a forest of grass four feet high, gave some excitement to the cruise and the narrative. But when Mr. Macgregor is afloat on mighty and ancient waters, when he brings the most astounding novelty to the unchanging East, the result is in every way notable. The Arabs who see the "Rob Roy" going at full speed down the Jordan, or exploring the reedy bays of a lake, give chase at once, and claim the right of a man-of-war to bring strange craft to by a gun. Both on the Jordan, and on those rivers of Damascus which Naaman preferred to the Jordan, the growth of reeds and papyrus makes Mr. Macgregor look back with regret to the forests of thick grass which could, at least, be penetrated. Partly on account of these obstacles, partly from the impossibility of doing with boats as can be done with a canoe, the upper part of the Jordan has hitherto been unexplored, and the soundings in some places are mythical. According to Mr. Macgregor, the depth of the Dan source of the Jordan, which is said to be bottomless, is only five feet, and a pool at the Hasbany source, called 1,000 feet deep, is not quite two fathoms. Other estimates of former travellers are corrected in like manner, and Mr. Macgregor's researches will be of much use in determining the geography of the Holy Land. The eagerness with which he goes to work, and the warm interest which he takes in all religious questions, give an occasional incongruity to the technical parts of his book. A statement that at a certain place in the Holy Land Mr. Macgregor read the *Times* containing an account of the formation of the Cabinet, with the Right Hon. John Bright as one of its members, is somewhat strange, when contrasted with frequent quotations from the Bible. On the Lake of Gennesareth, Mr. Macgregor moralizes on the authenticity of the Christian revelation, expatiates on the advantage a canoe has over a boat in stemming a high sea, traces the course of the boat in which the Disciples had been rowing against a contrary wind when Christ came walking on the water, looks for subaqueous ruins close to the shore, and dodges

* The "Rob Roy" on the Jordan, Nile, Red Sea, and Gennesareth; a Canoe Cruise in Palestine and Egypt and the Waters of Damascus. By J. Macgregor, M.A. London. Murray. 1869.

a swimming Arab. Nazareth gives occasion to a vehement tirade against Popery, while "that ancient river, the river Kishon," is found to be haunted by crocodiles. We cannot help suspecting that Mr. Macgregor felt a divided allegiance to the means and end of his tour. He was a mixture of a pilgrim and a coxswain. The pleasure of tracing the Jordan from its source was great, but it was increased by the way in which the task was accomplished. We do not say that the attractions of the Holy Land would have been small without the "Rob Roy," but the "Rob Roy" has been the excuse for the journey.

It is impossible to follow Mr. Macgregor along the whole course of his cruise, which began in the Red Sea and the Suez Canal, took him some little way down the Nile and round the lakes of the Delta, was then continued on the Abana and Pharphar till both those rivers were lost in marshes, and ended with the Jordan, the Lake of Gennesareth, the river Kishon, and a salute to the Prince of Wales. The parts of the book which will afford most pleasure to readers in general are those taken up with the descent of these rivers, and with the struggles in the various lakes, marshes, and jungles which dam up or even extinguish their current. The picture given us by Mr. Macgregor of the gorge of the Abana, with its precipitous sides, its frantic rush of water, and the fallen tree blocking up the middle of the channel, is a foretaste of much of the excitement to come. Nothing, however, occurred here save the usual peril and difficulty of canoeing on a swift stream without chart or guide. In time Mr. Macgregor reached the Ateibeh Marsh, where the Abana is lost in dense thickets of reeds and a lake of liquid mud. He pushed gallantly on, punting along while there was any stream left, and after that wading and towing. But he soon found that the task of exploring was hopeless, that the river came to an end altogether, and that it was out of the question dragging the "Rob Roy" across an unlimited morass. The same experience awaited him on the Hijaneh lake, which is the grave of the Pharphar. In both places he had to keep a look-out for wild boars, the tracks of which were plainly visible, and which might have crumpled up the Rob Roy with one blow of a tusk, leaving Mr. Macgregor without a chance of being extricated. The tangle of papyrus reeds which checked Mr. Macgregor's course on the Jordan was even more effectually matted together. It was a floating forest, with a depth of ten or twelve feet of water round it, and it was so

dense that the bow of the Rob Roy could not be thrust more than three feet into it. Mr. Macgregor was warned of this impenetrable barricade by some Arabs, who did him the honour to make him their prisoner. The description of his capture after a long chase is exciting in the extreme. We see the Arabs running along the bank, sometimes in a line with the canoe, sometimes cutting across the bends of the shore, sometimes swimming out to intercept the fugitive and forming a long line in the water. Mr. Macgregor distanced them when it was a question of fair running or swimming. He broke through the line of swimmers by splashing one of them in the face with his paddle and then darting by. Another swimmer threw his arm over the "Rob Roy's" deck, but Mr. Macgregor levered him off with the paddle. But at last, on a point ahead, a man was seen taking deliberate aim with a gun. Mr. Macgregor knew that he could not escape him. The moment the shot was fired, the water around was full of naked swimmers; they gained upon the boat in the shallows, and Mr. Macgregor was a prisoner.

Carried into the presence of the sheikh of the tribe, his courage and coolness did not desert him. The way in which he offered the sheikh a pinch of salt from a snuff-box (the sheikh, who had never seen such white salt before, taking it for sugar, and not discovering its real nature till it had melted on his tongue, and had bound him by the strongest tie known to the Arabs) was a masterpiece of ready humour. "Instantly," says Mr. Macgregor, "I eat up the rest of the salt, and with a loud laughing shout I administered to the astonished outwitted sheikh a manifest thump on the back. 'What is it?' all asked from him. 'Is it sukker?' He answered demurely, 'No, it's salt!' Even his home secretary laughed at his chief." One of the results was that instead of £100 being demanded for Mr. Macgregor's ransom, he got off by quietly slipping a napoleon into the sheikh's hand. The other Arabs who chased the "Rob Roy" on Lake Hooleh were left far behind. Mr. Macgregor tells us with considerable delight how he made a feint of landing on one promontory, and then went right across a bay to another where he had time to pick up some stones he wanted for sounding, and to get out again before the Arabs came splashing through the shallow water and breaking down the jungle canes in their hurry. One further attempt was made to catch him, and that was on Lake Gennesareth, a man taking a header into the lake and swimming after the canoe. "But my

paddle," Mr. Macgregor says, "was instantly in action, and when his wet head came up at my bows, the 'Rob Roy' was backing astern full speed, and my new friend was full half a moment too late to catch hold of her, while he received an ample splashing of water from my blade in his eyes. Splendidly the fellow swam, but I merely played with him, and laughed at his frantic efforts and wild shouts. He paused and stared, — quite at home in deep water — shouting at me a loud and voluble indignant address, and then he retired in defeat, while I neared the shore again. There he stood, erect and gleaming with moisture, and redundant life playing through his brawny muscles, a most strange object to behold." It was as well for Mr. Macgregor that the man shouted before taking his header, but after the escape from the guns and missiles of so many Arabs one man might seem unworthy of extra precautions.

Amid such adventures as these, the minor incidents of steering through a group of six or seven large buffaloes, of shooting at flamingoes with a rifle on a rest and missing them, and of winging another with a pistol and then driving it to camp before the canoe, will almost escape observation. It may also be doubted whether Mr. Macgregor's speculations on the actual scene of the storm on the Lake of Gennesareth will be followed with as much care and diligence as have gone towards their formation. There is much interest in learning from Mr. Macgregor's own experience, picked up

while conversing from the "Rob Roy" with an Arab on shore, that owing to the clearness of the air every word spoken in the natural voice could be heard 300 yards off, so that a preacher in a boat could easily address a vast multitude standing on the shore. We do not find any lack of similar observations. If these show that Mr. Macgregor's heart was in his work, his affectionate allusions to the "Rob Roy" and his description of the difficulty of carrying her over Mount Lebanon and round a spur of Hermon tend to confirm the surmise expressed already. We must admit that Mr. Macgregor does well to be grateful to his canoe. It has taken him to places where no European, we may almost say no living man, has ever been before. The still depths of lakes enclosed by dense thickets of papyrus and haunted by a single swan, the loneliness of morasses which are shunned even by the Arabs and excite fears bordering on superstition, are sketched by Mr. Macgregor with faithful pencil and pen, and leave on our minds a very distinct impression. It is almost superfluous to add that the tone of the whole book is bright and cheerful, that with the exception of some passages which are meant for a special class of readers or students, the general public is consulted steadily throughout, and that canoeing, which Mr. Macgregor's first voyage made popular, is now raised to the rank of a national institution, so that it reflects the most genuine sides of the English character.

DIVISIONS IN THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS. —

The absence of a creed, a clergy, and a defined Church government have produced among the Quakers, as among some other sects, the natural consequences of division and dissension. The members of such a religious body may in theory agree to differ; but in practice they find themselves soon so divided in feeling and in principle, so utterly out of harmony upon points which lie very near to their hearts, and affect their deepest and most earnest convictions, that it becomes impossible for the extremes to act or worship together in anything like cordiality; and then one party accuses the other of giving up the old doctrines of the common faith, and is met with a recriminatory charge of departure from the original theory of toleration. This has happened ere now among the Unitarians, whose limited creed would seem to leave less room for serious dispute; it is not strange that it should happen to the Quakers. The advocates of a Church without a creed, a religion without dogmas, may

perhaps find some useful lessons in Mr. Speakman's very terse and brief account of the *Divisions in the Society of Friends*.*

Saturday Review.

DURING an excavation made in Pompeii a fortnight ago the objects turned up were a human skeleton, almost perfect, a pair of gold earrings with pearls, a gold bracelet and five gold coins, 782 silver coins, three silver rings, and sixty-seven pieces of bronze money. The coins were all of the Consular and Imperial periods. The jewelry and coins will be placed almost immediately in the Naples Museum, and the skeleton in the Pompeii Museum, together with the human remains previously discovered.

* *Divisions in the Society of Friends*. By Thomas H. Speakman. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trubner & Co. 1869.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

THE STREAM THAT HURRIES BY.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COLLEGIANS."

I.

THE stream that hurries by yon fixed shore
Returns no more;
The wind that dries at morn yon dewy lawn
Breathes, and is gone;
Those wither'd flow'rs to summer's ripening
glow
No more shall blow;
Those fallen leaves that strew yon garden bed
For aye are dead.

II.

Of laugh, of jest, of mirth, of pleasure past,
Nothing shall last;
On shore, on sea, on hill, on vale, on plain,
Nought shall remain;
Of all for which poor mortals vainly mourn,
Nought shall return;
Life hath its hour in heav'n and earth beneath,
And so hath Death.

III.

Not all the chains that clank in eastern clime
Can fetter Time;
For all the phials in the doctor's store
Youth comes no more;
No drug on Age's wrinkled cheek renews
Life's early hues;
Not all the tears by pious mourners shed
Can wake the dead.

IV.

For all Spring gives, and Winter takes again,
We grieve in vain;
Vainly for sunshine fled, and joys gone by,
We heave the sigh;
On, ever on, with unexhausted breath,
Time hastes to Death:
Even with each word we speak, a moment flies,
Is born, and dies.

V.

If thus, through lesser Nature's empire wide
Nothing abide,—
If wind, and wave, and leaf, and sun, and flow'r,
Have each their hour,—
He walks on ice whose dallying spirit clings
To earthly things;
And he alone is wise whose well-taught love
Is fix'd above.

VI.

Truths firm as bright, but oft to mortal ear
Chilling and drear,
Harsh as the raven's croak the sounds that tell
Of pleasure's knell;
Pray, reader, that at least the minstrel's strain
Not all be vain;
And when thou bend'st to God the suppliant
knee,
Remember me!

Pallas, October 10, 1836.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE HILLS.

COME; for the mists are rising from the vale
Like clouds of incense from a shrine of prayer;
Come up among the hills, the free strong gale
Is blowing freshly there.

There blooms the purple heather in its prime,
There hums the wild-bee in its happy flight;
There sound the sheep-bells like a fairy chime
Drifting from height to height.

There float the light cloud shadows, and the blue
Of the eternal dome above is high;
There are no leafy boughs to screen from view
That arch of sapphire sky.

Come, for the wild free solitude is sweet,
And far below shall lie the world of care;
No sound of strife, no tramp of restless feet
Can ever reach thee there.

Come, when thy soul within thee is opprest
With vague misgivings and with musings sad,
For in the sense of freedom there is rest—
The hills shall make thee glad.

Come, for each breath inspires some lofty thought
When the pure mountain air thy spirit fills;
The lessons that the ancient sages taught
Were learned among the hills.

Argosy.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

LIGHT of the World! to thee I come.
All dark with sin am I;
Yet is thy light my childhood's home,
Long lost: now through the earth I roam
A stranger, wearily.

Though I am dark, thou seest me,
And knowest all my sin;
I cannot hide one thought from thee—
Nor would I, Lord! O search, and see
All that lies hid within!

Unless I know my Father knows
The worst that I have done,
How can I bear the love he shows?
How take the gifts that love bestows
On such a guilty one?

My Father, lo, all doubting dies!
I know that thou canst see.
Outspread before thy glorious eyes
My present, past and future lies;
And yet thou lovest me!

Sunday Magazine.

W. C. D.